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Maclean's

DECEMBER 4, 1978

VOL. 91 NO. 30

Frontlines

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Just a quiet night in front of 40 TVs

People will settle for anything, says Hammer Sells. D. Ann Taylor. "Look what happened to the hamburger." The Hammer in a meat-media performance called Video Cabaret settles for nothing less than the Story of Life.



Science

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The starpangled Soviets

It was strictly no contest when the U.S. won the 1960s battle with the Soviets to put the first man on the moon. But the Americans may be losing the wider war to conquer space.



Films

67

Mythical thinking

For those who long for the exploits of lumpy-tufted Herkules, quick, gaudy and monstrous Bette Midler does it all in *The Land of the Luscious*. Ralph Bakshi's very realistic version of *The Land of the Luscious* is the best of the best and all.

Theatre

69

A life in the theatre seen from the waist up

This week for John Gielgud begins a four week stint at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre in the second-hand comedy *Half Life*. At 74, Old Sore Face is still going strong.



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Grey days in the Lost Continent of Ottawa: can a crisis call up the will to survive?



By Peter C. Newman

Writing the nation's capital these days is a little like arriving in some exotic country of the mind, but at least without a guidebook, searching for Someone in Authority to tell you what the hell is going on. It's a city not overburdened with the feeling of reality or even much sense of the weather. Ottawa has moods instead of meteorology, and the barometer is always falling.

The drive in from the airport is a journey of paleontological discovery, an involuntary tour of the concrete monuments built by each succeeding administration as evidence of its passing. It's a cold day and I imagine all those grey men in their grey suits who run this country warming themselves over flames of Calvinistic self-insulating, the consciousness of emotion remains their chief article of faith. The best of them are bankable men who hold the notion of the country and their responsibility to it in the forefront of their minds, able to define the national interest without a trace of doubt or self-consciousness. But for every public servant with the courage of his intentions, another thousand display all the audacity of hermit crabs who hardly care to inhabit their own shells.

It is inside the House of Commons that the visitor becomes fully aware of the ambiguités that set the city's temper. Having no mental framework within which to fit the impulse of Canadian society toward change, most MPs interpret each mild attempt to limit their authority as the hot breath of revolution. Al-

though it now takes an average of two years to pass even the simplest piece of legislation, politicians continue to believe that appearance is more important than direction, change less essential than stability.

Television has transferred Parliament, Opposition speakers take turns judging appropriate camera angles, trying their desperate best to turn themselves into these all-knowing yet pappy-warm masters of ceremony who wink their way through television's afternoon game shows. Even some of the most conscientious MPs have come to realize that it is bad acting, not poor policies, that could wreck their careers—that if they could only persuade cameramen to shoot through enough layers of cheesecloth, they might get themselves re-elected forever, the Doris Days of Canadian politics.

Yet it is here that the legitimacy of the Trudeau government still holds sway. Trudeau has been offered three courses of rescue (to drop his bilingualism policy; to cut unemployment by overstimulating the economy; or to adopt Joe Clark's mortgage tax-deduction plan), all of which he has rejected. By choosing instead a responsible policy of dumping popular expectations, his government may eventually defeat itself. The Liberal lot for power seems strangely quiescent.

While it may be a fact that the only real justification for nationalism in the well-being of its citizens, it is equally true that in order to mature every country must endure at least one serious crisis. It may be that in formulating a way to live with each other, Canadians will finally discover the will to survive.

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Just a quiet night in front of 40 TVs

The Hammer Sisters, the self-styled "post-feminist, neo-feminist, martial show-biz acts," have gone for the popular route. The time arrived, the Hammer have a-cayed us, and come back from the lab laughing and crying at the same time. Hairline fringes, multiple costumes—modern, set in a mass, it's hanging on by a thread. But, wearing pit helmets and lab coats, hacking their way through the fringes of gender armed only with video cameras and a wit that won't quit, the Hammer try to nail down the problem in a blinking mix of rock 'n' roll, TV and theatre that they invented, and call Video Cabaret.

Their two previous underground hits made minicrews out of the headlines, turning



The Hammer Sisters gather around the video cameras to sing songs and tell the story of How Life Begins, the DNA Dating Game.

Heaven on ORO the Hammer—Taylor, Marlene Lewis, Janet Burke and Bobbie Rosell—began performing three years ago. They joined forces with guitarist Andy Patterson, and evolved Video Cabaret on weekends at Toronto's Space Gallery, in London with Steve Levy. Pivotal by playwright Michael Hollingsworth. The Hammer Talent Cartel brought together art aspires to do exactly what cabaret used to do: cross-pollinate the arts, experiment, and sing songs in a smoky room to whoever wandered in. The Hammer served beer, stocked their own chairs, worked for \$50 a week and chased the nerves of anyone looking for a predictable night out. They still do, their new show, *Nympho Warriors*, is a work-in-progress and probably always will be. That was the nature of cabaret and it goes deeper for

Video Cabaret. But while their vocabulary is fringe, their energy and instincts are potentially prime-time.

Nympho Warriors flickers somewhere between a Grade 9 health class and theatre-as-chemotherapy. At the Tall Hammer trains her video camera at the scene, thrown back by 40 TV monitors (some of them tuned to real-time television, others tuned in to the Hammer). Rosell creates a smothered sketch of the burlesque turns of the male reproductive circuit and the fear-de-its (inner landscape of the female, while the Hammer Greek chorus tracks the story of conception like opportunists reporting the Formula One Grand Prix. It's exciting, and funny. Bashed by the tight "rock 'n' roll" of a band called The Government (Patterson, 34, Boyd and Robert Stewart), the Hammer's electronically



update the story of How Life Begins, with added Bushbuckles in Geneva. Marlene Lewis as Rosell, lounges on top of a TV in the Garden of Eden, having seduced Eve with his virile video. "Hey, I'm gorgeous," squeals Eve, looking down the lens and losing her innocence as 40 monitors mirror her Fall into self-consciousness.

Wearing gutter belts around their heads (literally), the Hammer are not to breathe wonderful notions of what's new and what's not, what's sex and what's erudite. It could be Canada's first biological comedy revue, whatever it is, *Nympho Warriors* is hitting the road this month to play Vancouver, Montreal, Ottawa and Calgary before returning to New York in January (Hollingsworth's video-play, *Kissin' Rye*, opens Video Cabaret with a depiction of the life-of-a-psychopath, a perfect



the Patsy Howard and Karen Anne Quilley merge into self-sustaining cultural metaphors. Their two trips to off-off-Broadway New York drew a "we are amused" from *The New York Times* and "we are in love" from other reviewers, although nobody knew exactly what to call this new theatrical amalgam.

With backgrounds in acting, art, video and TV (D Ann Taylor, who writes the Hammer scripts, played Maggie

cameo
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superioration of situation and a cold war to the wars of humanity.

For three years, the Hammers have been a here-today, gone-tomorrow underground staple in Toronto—tough-talking, quizzical, well-revered but never venturing beyond the safety (and irony) of small spaces and the same old audience. "Too old to punk, too young to pinhead" is where they situate themselves, on the cusp between the old role models and the new "matured nature," as they call it. At the heart of their avant-garde track is a radical conservatism. The Hammers fear that with birth control getting so fancy, and penders so confused, people may forget how it all began—blasted by media, killed by drugs, in anybody's listening to the granddaddy backbeat these days? "People will settle for anything," says D. Anna Taylor. "Ask what happened to the

hamburger." As a counter-attack against "punk food, punk sex and punk culture," the Hammers are reducing the creative myths. "Don't do anything drastic," they harmonize sweetly, "I want to make it in plastic." It's a preposterous gambit, confronting an audience with household predilection and the lunar cycle in a rock 'n' roll flang, blown up its ways with video, vinyl's and a pun-riddled script that hits somewhere above or below workaday reason, but when the cuss clicks, it is brilliant theatre. "The Hammers are the future, whether you like it or not," is how Hollingsworth once hyperbolicized it in a radio interview. The Hammers are also sentimental survivors, looking for something that got lost.

Frequently, however, Video Cabaret is either broke or broken. Having thrown away all the old role models—

as old-school producers or directors here—the Hammers are a dancing act easily thrown out of whack. "Everything happens subversively," says Mattie Lewis, the video wizard of the four. "Sometimes it comes down to who can scream the loudest." On bad nights, the Hammers spin clips a day and nothing works. "Could we have more volume on our mikes," they plead into the darkness of an exasperated audience.

"The main criticism about the Hammers is that they refuse to be neat," says Paul Thompson, a grandfather of the Toronto alternate theatre scene and an early investor in the Hammers (to the tune of \$5,000). "But if they had taken up their act earlier, they might not have enlarged theatrical effects the way they have. They're working out there on the edge, and I like them doing it."

Harold Jackson

Well-found, seaworthy and landlocked

When the Hudson's Bay Company decided five years ago to enliven its 50-foot larch Noronach in the Maritime Museum of Man and Nature, the ship's captain, Adrian Smith, had his doubts. "A dry-dock berth for the ship made a museum building in Winnipeg, Manitoba, is a distant prospect for a well-found, seaworthy and new vessel," he lamented in his log.

Nevertheless, during a November blizzard in 1993, the \$150,000 Noronach (a replica of the original that sailed from England to James Bay in 1685, making possible the founding of the Hudson's Bay Co.) was hoisted into a museum site and a gallery was built around it.

Small's voice, it turns out, was prophetic. It seems there is more than one good reason that great wooden ocean vessels are rarely seen around Winnipeg. The 18-year-old Noronach is having trouble maintaining its graceful lines in the dry Prairie atmosphere. Even though the air in its special gallery is maintained at about 40 per cent humidity, cracks big enough to put a hand through have begun to appear in the ship and the deck's are now a warning. Worse, due to help rope holding to 50-pound pulleys, a steering to the Bay's museum Managing Director David Heston. "At the moment there's no danger to the public," says Noronach has attracted almost two million visitors, but visitors to help eye on things.

It isn't the first embarrassment the Noronach has faced since its launching in Ap-



The Noronach foundering in the Bevel Channel, capital ship for a Prairie trip

pril 1988, in 1988, a bubble to Canada's continental and the Bay's last surviving. After getting lost in a Bevel Channel storm, it crossed the Atlantic ignominiously on the dock at another ship. During a storm, it suffered North American loss, a week ago, more than 100 miles from the coast. Small's voice to recall, based on a new map by the crew and finally was recorded by

U.S. customs for confirmation at the Jones Act, which prohibits foreign vessels from transporting passengers in the U.S.

Now, 900 miles from the nearest salt water, the Noronach heaves and creaks. The museum is asking for more than \$4,000 from Ottawa to study its problems, which isn't just a matter of attending the Prairie dynasty. "If you discuss the remedy too much," says Director Heston, the ship began to rot.

Peter Carlyle-Gordon

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A might-be politician's view from the saddle

It's a scruffy, old-West hunk-back in a Billings, Montana, smoky, crowded, noisy, with a poker game cranked into a corner. There's almost a nostalgic decadence to the joint, particularly with all the men wearing cowboy hats and spurs. One lowering figure dominates the room. An Gladstone is in his element, moving from one cowboy to the next, shaking hands, laughing loudly, hugging the old old friend like a ward politician. Those in the room he doesn't get to, get to him. Until four in the morning he never stops.

But then, the world half-repining champagne doesn't tend to stop, anytime. Singing on the road, laughing, all the time, even in his sleep, talking constantly or when he isn't doing one of the others—and sometimes during—playing again and again his tape from the musical *Greatest*. This slap-happy, carpet-bagging cowboy from Cardston, Alberta, who's the only Canadian ever to win a major title at the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City and who'll be defending it next week, is the

same guy who "gets turned on" by political science courses, reads legislative reports, sometimes and eventually, is considering an offer to run for the Social Credit party in the next provincial election, has a strong background in credit management, and speaks not quickly—and surely—about the "white man who prefers to see the book as kept down. They need us, but on their terms." This cowboy, the grandson of the first Indian in the Canadian Senate, is a blood Indian.

This day, Gladstone will put in an extra 500 driving miles pulling a horse trailer to take in a rodeo in Browning, Montana, that he doesn't really need. The prize money is light considering the distance, the points don't count toward the professional rodeo cowboy's qualification list, he has just driven 1,000 miles, and he has to be in Portland, Oregon, the next day. But it's an Indian rodeo, and Gladstone takes his Indian responsibilities seriously. He'll soccer punt Portland then Browning, even at the risk of not qualifying for the na-

Jim Gladstone on the job: for you know that the Comanches might be your next home

tional finals. "The Indian needs some incentive from within," he'll say a dozen times a dozen ways. "We need some pride. The white man is quite happy with the stereotype of the drunken Indian. If you can keep a man down and still get his money, he's easy to control."

Gladstone has taken one major step to help from inside—he has just begun a horse-trader plant on his land in northwestern Alberta that he hopes will soon employ a "substantial" number of Indians from the blood reserve. "It better everything I have is riding on it. If the plant hits the skids, I won't be far behind." But anyone who has dealt with him cringes before Gladstone's business as a man—his happy-go-lucky disposition turns straight and serious when he's looking at a balance sheet.

As a world champion, the 35-year-old Gladstone has hardly been a national hero. There have been no endorsements, almost no coast to land publicity and "a new style of jacket I helped design which is being made on the reserve." The panel as Front Page Challenge was totally baffled about who he was or what he did. Even the major Alberta dailies ignore him except during big local events such as the Stampede.

"I got back about 40 rodeos (from 125 last year) this year because I just was never home. My wife and four kids are important to me, and it was putting a real strain on our marriage." He doesn't mention the fact—but his rodeoing friends gladly do—that he has occasionally been known as something of a beller around the circuit.

"Ah, I've turned down some," he says. A convert to the Mormon church, he quit drinking some years ago, drinks hardly at all and "I don't romp and stomp like I guess I did when I was younger. Life's too short."

There's not much big money in rodeo. Gladstone made close to \$10,000 in prize money last year, although he won't admit to a figure. The trailer plant may be Jim Gladstone's security, but politics are his aim. "The country's over-governed... too socialist... too many laws that don't make sense. I just don't decide to run for the legislature this time and I may again." Parliament? A grin and a shrug. Deep down, Gladstone wants to be a rock singer, but anyone who has heard him singing along with *Greatest*, over and over again, can only grin, please God, send Jim Gladstone to Parliament. Don't let him go.

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Postcards

A riptide in the affairs of men

It's bad enough that pairs of the continent
are sinking, but that some of our
prime coastal archaeological sites could
be slipping into the sea is almost too
much to take. "We've known about this
erosion problem for some time," says
Chris Turnbull, New Brunswick's pro-
vincial archaeologist, "but I think it's a
lot more serious than we thought it
was."

On Miramichi's island, just off the New
Brunswick mainland, recent erosion has
shaved three to four feet off the sites of
two erstwhile Indian settlements—one
which existed around 800 BC, the other
around 1000 AD. In the nearby Bay of
Fundy, huge tides contribute to an ero-
sion rate of up to three feet every year.

CHRIS TURNBULL

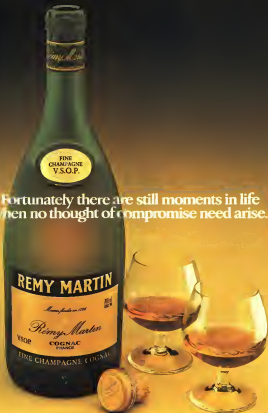


The loss is no small matter since
much of early Maritime history—de-
pendent on Acadian farm
communities—occurred along the coast.
Even now, says Turnbull, the oldest
sites left on the area's coastal date back
no more than 3,500 to 4,000 years,
whereas on the Labrador coast, where
the land is actually rising out of the sea,
sites as old as 6,000 years have been
found.

Two possible remedies for the
archaeological problems are an accel-
erated excavation program, which inven-
teries and preserves would be invited to
help out, and erecting seawalls around
some of the threatened locations. "It's
just a question of cost," says Turnbull.
"Probably some sort of mix of the two is
what we'll come to."

David Folster

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when no thought of compromise need arise.



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Photo: Mike

An ill wind that blows no power

For the second time this Sunday afternoon there is a knock at John Ramsey's back door. "Ramsey me, but we heard you sell windmills," says the unknown face. "Could my wife and I have a look around?" With a silence



Ramsey: finally running out of energy

bers of disappointment, Ramsey, under the able supervision of his 60-foot windmill tower, gives them the abbreviated tour of his home, typically punctuated by murmurs of surprise at the modesty and comfort of the surroundings. The tour is over, the couple leaves. No sale. Lots of interest, lots of enthusiasm, but no sale.

It is a scene that has been repeated hundreds of times in the four years

since Ramsey and wife, Donna (Clark), moved into their totally wind-powered home in Kingsville, P.E.I., and embarked upon an endeavor to make windmills a profitable business. Reluctantly, they have a conceded defeat. "I used to think windmills were the answer. I thought eventually there would be windmills everywhere, great moneymaking powerhouses," Ramsey says in retrospect. "It started out as a logical viewpoint of a new in-culture, but now I

know it is not the pie-in-the-sky answer, some of us thought it would be."

Ramsey, who is from Detroit, moved to P.E.I. in 1971, and is an engineer, off-again love affair with the island province, graduated from engineering and mathematics over the possibilities of wind power to disappointment and disenchantment with wind power and the world's readiness to accept alternate energy.

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Photo: Lisa

selling windmills through his company—removed from the smelly Alternative Power Development Association Ltd. to simply Alternatch—combined with personal difficulty in arranging what he needed to make his energy-efficient home as comfortable as he wanted, brought on his disenchantment.

Ramsay has lived with wind power, promoted wind power and, with his university background in electromechanical engineering, is generally accepted as a reliable consultant in the field. Few know its limitations or potential better. In his own system, the wind generator feeds into 56 two-volt batteries stored on shelves in the sun porch of his 1½-story home. In a closet off the kitchen is a 250-watt power inverter that converts the direct current coming from the batteries into alternating current. This powers anything—stoves, color television, lights—that doesn't require more than 250 watts. Therein, however, lies a major problem: available stoves, refrigerators, washers, dryers, and other major appliances require more than 250 watts, so they are of no use in wind-powered homes. It seems that while there are many committed to alternate energy, and particularly to wind power, the state of technology is not very healthy and both funds and expertise for research are severely limited. Ramsay and Clarkin use a large propane stove and a refrigerator that works on heat absorption.

On a practical level, wind power is also too big an investment—\$4,800 for a minimum system—for most people. Alternatch sold about 50 windmills over two years, but all the major sales were to governments and business, such as two wind plants to the Manitoba Telephone System for remote telecommunications and another to the New Brunswick government.

Ramsay still believes a practical, low-cost wind-power system can be developed if enough is invested in research, but he thinks the future for energy production lies to a large extent in fusion, the explosion rather than the explosion of atoms. "Actually fusion is only part of the answer. So are solar satellites and wind power. Someday we'll have a lot of little sources feeding into a major energy grid."

While he is waiting, Ramsay runs the P.E.I. bureau of the Atlantic Television Network and plans for the day when his energy-efficient house doesn't come to a standstill when the wind is as scarce as it was this past summer.

Barbara Scarpino

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So come into any Royal Bank branch today and ask about a Home Ownership Savings Plan. But hurry.

December 31 is the last day to claim your contributions to a RHOSP on your 1978 return. And unless you've got a rich aunt, it's probably the smartest way to get that down-payment together.

**A RHOSP FROM THE
ROYAL BANK**



Brandon's twin bill: the sun-cross'd Games

Brandon, best known to most Canadians — if at all — as a place somewhat west of Winnipeg on the Brandon Highway, is about to have its moment in history. Two moments, to be exact, and the trouble is they're landing almost on top of each other.

The prosperous little city of 36,500 (it's 150 miles west of Winnipeg) is sprucing itself up for visitors. Thousands and thousands of visitors. Brandon's fleet of green buses proudly sports the Canada Winter Games snowflake logo, anticipating the arrival of 4,000 athletes and officials, and appreciable thousands of relatives, friends, and fans attending the competitions Feb. 12 to 24. And local teachers are preparing class projects on the effects of an eclipse of the sun, awaiting the real event that will catch its sunnier swath across the

West on Feb. 26. Athletic traffic departing from the games will meet scientific traffic arriving for the eclipse, because Brandon just happens to be the best-situated city on the continent for this last eclipse of the millennium.

Brandon, The Place To Be, came late February. But where are the athletes and scientists to stay? Of course, the two great events have not been entirely unanticipated, there has been a building boom over the last couple of years as farsighted entrepreneurs erected four new hotels and several restaurants. On top of that, Brandon University is co-operatively closing down for two weeks to become the games village, with students-in-residence being convinced to clear out while visitors take over their beds. (The long-outfording underground will be put up in a high school.)

Even so, every bed within a 60-mile radius is spoken for during the weeks of the games and no one knows how many more unbooked spectators intend to

turn up. Asked for an over-all estimate, Games Society President Alex Matheson can only say: "Quite frankly, we have no idea how many people will be there."

So it sounds slightly familiar when Dr. John Rice, appointed by the International Astronomical Union as Canadian coordinator of the eclipse, also says: "It's hard to say just how many people will be coming to view the eclipse." The local newspaper, appropriately named *The Star*, is guessing 30,000. Rice already knows of charter flights bringing spectators from Britain, Toronto and Detroit, with parties also expected from the Blue Observatory in France, the Johnson Space Flight Center in Texas, and elsewhere. The Jagan Broadcasting Corporation is talking about a live transmission and, of course, many of those groups wouldn't mind sitting up there supported a couple of days early. "Hopefully, some hotels will have been overlooked by people here for the games," Rice suggests, "but it will be tight."

The Canada Winter Games have never been awarded to a community so small, and local business plans thought Brandon had paid when it put in an application in 1975. As it turned out, it had guessed. "How else could a city this size ever get a \$50-million sportsplex with a 50-metre pool for a third of its real cost?" asks Matheson. The federal and provincial governments are helping with the \$6.5-million games budget, to which the City of Brandon is contributing \$400,000. A local, private fund-raising group, Friends of the Games (FOG), has pledged itself to raise \$1.25 million in cash or gifts-in-kind.

While no one is suggesting that Brandon has bitten off more than it can chew in staging the games, a few locals are quietly wondering whether the city will be able to support the new hotels, restaurants and games facilities once the party's over. Says an undaunted Ed Mann, president of the Chamber of Commerce: "Brandon has been expanding because of the good farm economy and we needed more rooms. I guess competitors will be stiff after the games."

Others, including Brandon University Professor Earl Tyler, are more nervously beyond philosophy. "Certainly we'll have a top-rate sportsplex that the city will inherit, but the taxpayers will have to foot the operating bill," notes Tyler, who took his sanguinity to city council. "It's a nice idea, the one giving you a Cadillac. But once I've given it to you, you have to run it."

Peter Carlyle-Gardner

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Eclipse coordinator Rice (left) with Games organizer Matheson and (right) architect's rendering of "sportsplex" will there be enough room at the top?



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PHOTOGRAPHY

Maintaining a lifeline

It's no way to spend a rainy, salmon-sauce afternoon. Suspended in a rail's nest of red and violet rope, plastered against the masonry wall of Capilano Canyon in North Vancouver, two forlorn figures in long overalls inch their way toward matter-of-fact colleagues under the gaze of neck-cracking strikers at the canyon rim. It's an all-too-typical Sunday for members of the 50-man North and West Vancouver Emergency Program rescue team. The soggy exercise is only practice, but for these volunteers and some 300 other volunteers in five units in the lower mainland of British Columbia, the conditions—rain, fog, bitter cold and limited visibility—are depressingly familiar. They are the very reasons why the teams are in great demand, called upon with increasing frequency to pull poorly clad, ill-equipped, inexperienced hikers, picnickers, and stragglers off the verdant mountains surrounding Vancouver.

Their exercise over, the volunteers gather around their lime-green rescue

truck, jokingly threatening to leave the hapless, rain-soaked "victim" of the day out in the rain to clear off. They get Albe, the trucking bloodhound owned by longhairs in Distrito Federal, a muscular veteran of the team. The group is an oddball assortment of talented firemen, dentists, civil servants, doctors. After a coffee they'll head home and wait beside the phone for a rescue mission—a call-out. Sunday is inevitably the day. Volunteers wait until midnight or later, pacing, thinking of explosions, then calling the police who call the volunteers for the long night of searching. Using wilderness, mountain-rescue training and almost paramilitary precision, the teams converge on the area, dodge the press and the curious ("bloodsuckers" to some team members) and hunt until the victim is found—often dead.

The Maple Ridge unit, east of Vancouver, recently had the call-out in four weeks (three years ago it was seven calls a year), with the last one a man who had been killed in a climbing accident in Golden Ears Provincial Park. Removing the remains is also part of the job. In consultation with the victim,

The North and West Van crew in practice: the kick is in getting them out alive.



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Photo: Offense

It's the team's task to get the rubber body bug off the mountain. "The RCMP love us," greenies veteran "They don't have to get dirty."

Given the back-to-the-land ethos, easy access to trails, the folkiness of mountain weather and the changing density of Vancouver's off-trail population, the number of fall-outs is multiplying. Last year search and rescue teams in the Lower Mainland participated in 49 full-scale rescues. In the first nine months of this year there were 58 in that region. SES throughout the province, and team members are beginning, uncharacteristically, to complain about demands on their time and personal equipment. They're 90 per cent funded by the B.C. Provincial Emergency Program (PEP), but a tracking dog can still cost a member \$400 and a VHF car radio \$1,300, not to mention natural sacrifice of ropes, boots and other gear. An calls to become more common and serious, last wages also become a factor. Even though PEP supplies some rubber gear, eat mileage and meals during the rescue, teams that take pride in being volunteers in an age where government money the rule are finding it is not enough. "I think someone should take a ship at the government," says Gordia. "Nine rubber for a team this size is a pretty situation."

PEP Director Ted Neale is aware of the growing problem, but he is also conscious of the costs, citing the experience in parts of Europe where multiplying call-outs have become so expensive that victims are being billed for rescue and bikers and mountaineers must buy insurance before venturing into the hills. But Neale is also keenly aware that volunteers are necessary to keep costs down and maintain efficiency. As a result, PEP has recently begun to supply ropes and additional rubber gear and is looking at both personal equipment allowances for team members.

Long hours, out-of-pocket expenses, grumpy accident rates and filthy weather why do the team members put up with it? Gord Skidmore, 30, assistant manager of a local Skyway supermarket and a first aid specialist, sits in his coffee slowly and says "I remember one rescue. A teen-age boy had fallen over the edge of Lynn Canyon in North Vancouver. He'd broken a couple of ribs and opened his head on the rocks. By the time we found him he'd been in the Lynn Creek all night. We put him in a hypothermic swing and circulated warm water around his torso. It raised his body temperature and saved his life. That's the look, I suppose, getting them out alive."

Thomas Hopkins



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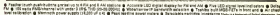
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Who is thy Shepherd?

While I am happy that you saw fit to report on Charlie Colson's recent visit to Toronto in *Nixon to Jesus*... (Oct. 26), you are incorrect in stating that Colson "is the bright hope of the born-again Christian movement." Jesus Christ is the hope of born-again Christians. You call Colson's new life "a performance," meaning a farce or an act. Tell me, who are you to judge? The article ends with the statement, "... the chance of the unrepentant survivor (Nixon) may be easier to take than the pulpsteering of a repentant one (Colson)." Such a comment demonstrates that you are not comfortable when confronted by the message of Christ. It was ever so!

J. KALDERWAY, OTTAWA

O'Toole fuels duel

This review-indebted would be more appropriate as directed at Lawrence O'Toole's review of my book in *His Last Days at the Movies* (Nov. 26). My quarrel is not with the fact he did not like the book but rather with his grave warping of the facts. The title of the book is *My Movie Moments from the Movies*, not *My Movie Moments*. ... Furthermore, I have never in my life made the claim that "the last movie has yet to be made." O'Toole should turn to page 158 in my book and read what I had to say about *Duel* in the *Sun*. If anyone should ever feel the urge to accuse me to write a book one day entitled *My Movie Moments from the Movies*, I would be happy to oblige. O'Toole says I have forged a "wonderful human process known as discrimination." On the contrary, I have taken five years to

research and select my favorite movies among thousands of films. O'Toole says that on my program, *Saturday Night at the Movies*, I click on every viewer over the head and drag them off to Mata's cave. And he refers to me as "Mr. Meanderthal" in the same breath I object. All evidence of the program are carefully scrutinized by some of the most knowledgeable people in the claims in Canada: Douglas Davidson, professor of film at York University; Canadian film-maker Bruce Pittman;



Host Yorty, no slacking, no dragging

and Clive Denison, who for years was Gerald Peckinpaugh's associate at the Ontario Film Theatre. In conclusion, I would like to challenge Mr. O'Toole to a verbal duel as the "ruler of literary criticism" any time, any place, on any medium he chooses.

BLAIN YORTY,
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER AND HOST,
SPECIAL FEATURES UNIT,
TV ONTARIO, TORONTO

Home sick, home

After reading your article, *Reading Canadiana Off at the Pace* (Sept. 26), I would like to thank Wayne Gilley and Hal Quinn for being among the very few people associated with the media who have brought some attention to the ambiguous situation in the Canadian Football League concerning Canadianism in general, and the designated import rule in particular. It seems ironic to me that the CFL is called the Canadian Football League. After all, the majority of general managers in America, all the coaches are American, and half the players are American. Not to mention the injunctive dose to Canadianism who aren't given the opportunity to play quarterback at the pro level because of the designated import rule. It is encouraging to see that Darwin Bernstein has filed an official complaint with the Ontario Human Rights Commission. Maybe if this obvious breach of human rights is highlighted, such Canadian quarterback as Jamie Bowe, Gerry Dattilo and myself will be given the opportunity to play in their own league in their own country.

NIKE LOGAN,
33-COL. CANADIAN QUARTERBACK,
CALGARY, ALTA.

Stuffed-shirt potshots

Deliver as-ab deer—from the empty rankings and dispirited laments of William Casselman in his column, *Deaver 24* (Nov. 10). Does this misanthropic stuffed shirt actually think it matters to us whether or not he approves of Jean Wizen's voice or figure? Although I have never met the lady, and do not sit into the category of viewers Casselman describes, I do find the program worthwhile and professionally done. Speaking of professionalism, surely taking potshots at the facial features of any individual is cringing the bottom of the journalistic barrel. While watching TV, Casselman says, he flips "channels to avoid more boobies." Casselman's readers might be well advised to flip pages to avoid the same.

MADE UPKASH, MONTREAL, N.B.

William Casselman refers to Paul Selig as "illy." I would like to add slurping, jowling, self-renewed and laep. It takes me as hour or so to catch my jagged curves after watching his performance.

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Joe Clark

As a confirmed admirer of Pierre Trudeau, may I suggest that you give the public all the pictures of Joe Clark that you can rake up—the one on the cover of the Oct. 30 issue of *Maclean's* is a study.

GEORGE S. FRANKFOLZ, TORONTO



Leader Clark through a glass lightly

Immaculate perception

The headlines on Peter Newman's editorial, *Levesque's Immaculate Conception* (Nov. 13), inaccurately refers to a virgin birth. The term Immaculate Conception refers to the fact that the Virgin Mary was conceived free from original sin.

VERA E. MOORE, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

Reel to reel

Garth Drabinsky certainly needs no defence from me but I'm anxious to correct an impression left in your article, *The First Picture Show* (Nov. 4), which indicates that I think there are mistakes in his prospectus that have been missed by the C.C.I. I was trying to say that several minor factual figures are surprised that no form of distribution advance payment has been required and no breakdown of legal and advertising costs has been required. In the end result, the sophisticated investor is receiving no increased proceeds from 500 dollars, yet the film producer is incurring vastly increased film costs and spending a great deal of time meeting expensive standards. I hope the assorted securities commissions will quickly establish some standards to be in demand and give investors a basis for comparison.

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A subtle shuffle of a tired cabinet

There is nothing quite like the type Ottawa regulars reserve for cabinet shuffles. Politicians, bureaucrats and reporters speculate for weeks in advance and, when the moves are announced, a somewhat bemused public is bombarded with reports and analysis. Then everyone promptly goes back to more routine tasks. The Gallup organization recently illuminated the phenomenon when it reported Oct. 26 that 73 per cent of the electorate could not name a single Trudeau minister.

It was for reasons other than personal profiles that Pierre Trudeau last week reworked the look of his ministerial ministry. For months, Opposition leader Joe Clark has chastised him for allegedly allowing cabinet members to set economic policy and for preserving unnecessary government departments. From his own troops in Ontario, Trudeau heard complaints about that province's lack of a civil service

portfolio (with Quebec's Jean Chretien in Ottawa and Alberta's Jack Horner in Calgary, trade and commerce).

Trudeau, in effect, accepted all the criticisms last week. He abolished the urban affairs ministry, whose very existence was against the provinces, he upgraded that elected politicians will now control some key initiatives, and he boosted the fortunes of several Ontarians.

The chief instrument of the latest approach is Thunder Bay's stable fiscal conservative, Robert Andrus. He relinquishes the now-waiting treasury board to London's Judd Buchanan and becomes a kind of economic czar as president of a newly created board of economic development. Chretien remains in finance, but Andrus will coordinate all economic development proposals—and the activities of a series of ministers, notably Horner. The alteration has generated an unhealthy level of



Trudeau and ministers Chretien, Horner, Buchanan, and Andrus. The latest face-off.

entireties for his handling of the industry portfolio. Now Horner not only reports to Andrus, but his former deputy minister, senior economist Gordon Oshroff, moves on to become secretary to the Andrus board.

Andrus was downright gleeful that his new shop will not be part of the prime minister's office and that it will not even work out of the prime minister's office. "This is not a PC's adjunct," Andrus declared. "This is going to be ministers making decisions about eco-

nomic growth."

Members of the Andrus board include three Ontarians: Martin O'Connor, who became labor minister, a post he held before a defeat in 1972; Alastair O'Brien, who adds science and technology to his responsibility for energy; and Tony Abbott, minister in charge of small business who replaces Senator

Joe Guay in reverse. Also on the board from Ontario are Buchanan and Rod Galt, who remains at employment and immigration.

The other major thrust of the shuffle was in the debate area of federal-provincial relations, where the minister responsible, Marc Lalonde, had developed a reputation in provincial capitals for abrasiveness. Against his wishes Lalonde was moved to justice and Kennedy's able John Reid, it was pointed out, was named responsible for federal-provincial

relations, with special responsibility for setting Trudeau's brand of federalism in English Canada.

The most interesting new face was that of Pierre Des Rues, 40, a former Trudeau aide who has emerged as an in-house critic of the Liberal approach to Quebec on linguistic and cultural matters. Des Rues is a Lebanese Canadian, an authentic voice of underprivileged people in his Montreal, Quebec constituency and a strong Quebec nationalist who serves Trudeau as a reminder of his reform roots. Des Rues now is responsible for millions of dollars of government purchases in supply and services which, with Andrus' deal's move to public works, will enable Ottawa to spread federal largesse throughout Quebec as the referendum approaches.

The shuffle was timed at the end of a week of bad economic news for the Liberals. The cost of living soared up sharply, the trade surplus fell along with the dollar and the auditor-general delivered a sharp indictment of the government's financial management (see story overleaf). Trudeau seemed almost resigned, admitting about his latest face-off: "I never answer the expectations of the media as cabinet shuffles," he declared after the 15-minute shuffle ceremony. But, as he indicated, Trudeau will keep trying to be actively thinking about cabinet as he debates changes next spring—just before he has to call a federal election.

Robert Lewis

Between friends: leave the worries until tomorrow

When United States Secretary of State Cyrus Vance visited Canada last week, Canadian Prime Minister Joe Clark turned down in chance to meet him before the Canadian government, which set the agenda, would only agree to a courtesy call of a few minutes. But Clark may have missed the point because the whole Vance visit, which lasted nearly 24 hours, was little more than a courtesy call on Canada. Much of Vance's time was devoted to personal events and the highlight of the visit was the signing of a new Great Lakes Water Quality Agreement, which was actually negotiated last spring.

That is not to say there are no unresolved issues between Canada and the U.S. One—the so-called Fall line that began last year when both countries accused their coastal levels from 12 to 200



Vance, Johnston and Environment Minister Lou Macdonald. 12 worthwhile minutes.

miles—stimulated considerable attention from Vance and External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson. The two men agreed to set a year-end deadline for talks aimed at settling the dispute. It was possible for neither to be relieved of a third party for arbitration, but Vance and Jamieson held out hope that that would not be necessary. Other issues discussed include:

- The proposed Alaska Highway tolling pact. Both governments favor construction of the pipeline which would carry Alaska gas past Canada to make it in the U.S. But the U.S. government is concerned that Canada wants to set too high a fee for carrying the gas at the expense of American consumers. The Canadian government says the fee must be set sufficiently high to attract investors to the project.

- The Auto Pact. This 1965 agreement, pointing back to trade agreements across the border, has resulted in large deficits for Canada in recent years and thus a protection on the trade in automobiles. Both sides have handed each other assurances in the dispute this month. First the U.S. published a report that forecast a \$10 billion deficit for Canada in automobile trade between the two countries over the next seven

years. Then the Canadian government released a report, written by former deputy finance minister Simon Fraser, recommending against renegotiation of the Auto Pact at this time (see page 45).

- The U.S. Caribbean basin tax. Legislation passed by the U.S. Congress in 1976 sharply limited the deductions American taxpayers may claim for expenses incurred at conventions outside the country. The measure has been a heavy blow for Caribbean hotels, which could see convention business to make a profit. The U.S. government has agreed to change the law to make an exception for conventions in Canada, but Congress has balked.

Those and other differences will require considerable negotiation over the coming months. They are likely to complicate relations between Canada and the U.S. as a whole. Considering the two countries once fought a war against each other and relations were at a low ebb as recently as the 1973-75 period, when Canada undertook some noteworthy retaliatory measures, the two countries are on extraordinarily good terms today. That is partly due to the change in administrations in the U.S. from Republican to Democratic in 1976. Liberal governments in Ottawa have had

locally rather scandalous with Democratic administrations in Washington. It is also due to Canada's domestic troubles, including the Quebec situation—the country needed more support from the U.S. after Quebec voted for the 1976 election in 1976.

But it is no coincidence that relations have improved during Jamieson's term as external affairs minister. An unabashed Yankeeophile, Jamieson even campaigned for annexation of his native state. Now, however, for the first time the government joined Canada in 1969 during the Vance visit, he delivered an after-dinner speech that was almost obnoxious in its praise of the U.S. and Jamieson. Other accounts of the world I see and best glimpse examples of men's ingenuity and of a willingness to compromise and to deal the United States is willing to accomplish. These are terms when it is my pleasure to seek to put the record straight. To say: They're our neighbors and they're not like that at all. Vance returned the favor with a speech praising Canada and its making "it is so large that the great, old country will remain strong." For a believing Jamieson and the Trudeau government as a whole, these 12 words about Vance's courtesy call worthwhile. Ian Urquhart

A bottom line for government

THE MURTY FYFORD's 16-ton weight. In the annual report of the auditor-general dropped on the floor of Parliament last week and the government side shook from the vibrations. In 746 pages, Auditor-General James J. Macdonell and his staff painstakingly documented their case that, in official cost-wrangling from 1980, the government was dragging its feet in efforts to bring its spending under control and, in some cases, had done nothing at all. The auditor-general's praise was often laudatory and jargon-laden, but the main message came through loud and clear: "There is, in my opinion, widespread lack of due regard for economy and efficiency in the operations of the government and inadequate attention to determining whether programs costing many millions of dollars are accomplishing what Parliament intended."

While last week's report contained none of the bawdiest stories that have characterized previous utterances from the auditor-general, such as the Innovation refit, knowledge in the Atlantic Economy of Canada lookback scandal, the report may be more far-reaching. Macdonell himself immediately suggests it will be linked back up as "Canada's Proposition 13," a reference to the anti-tax revolt in California. The reason is that, for the first time, the auditor-general's staff tried out a new system which Macdonell calls "value-for-money auditing." In the past, auditing the government's accounts was basically a tick-and-cross routine," says Macdonell. The auditor-general's visit meant only to confirm that spending had taken place in accordance with the letter of the law. Under the new system, the auditor-general now has extended his investigations to ensure that the spending has been undertaken with "due regard" for economy and efficiency and that satisfactory procedures have been established to measure the "effectiveness" of government programs. "It does for non-profit organizations what the bottom line does for businesses," says Macdonell of the new system.

To initiate the new system, Macdonell set up a special 40-man team under the direction of Kenneth Belbeck, a Toronto management consultant loaned to the auditor-general for two years. Belbeck and his team brought a reluctant businessmen with special audits and studies that covered selected aspects of



High-priced Calgary airport and Macdonell's critics came easily for the age class.

management in 22 of the government's 29 departments. Their findings, in brief:

• Of 13 major capital projects studied, only two demonstrated "reasonable regard for economy." Of the other 11 singled out for criticism, most prominent were the lavish new Calgary airport, which started out with a price tag of \$577 million and ended up costing \$824 million, and the C.D. Howe building in Ottawa, a glass palace that has escalated from an original estimate of \$57 million to the current estimate of \$100 million when the last bid is paid. Ironically, the latter shows the effect of the auditor-general, along with the departments of industry, trade, and commerce.

• Of 16 systems set up by departments to evaluate the efficiency of the bureaucrats they employ, only two were "satisfactory." The other 14 were little more than make-work projects that col-



lected dust on shelves and "rather than increasing productivity, may have led to a net waste of resources."

• Of 23 spending programs studied, there were 10 "where successful attempts were made to assess the 'effectiveness' of the output. Some bureaucrats tried, but failed because they viewed it as a "complex, esoteric and difficult, if not impossible" exercise.

Raising the party flag at 60° north

THE Yukon Territory with an area of 207,078 square miles larger than the last Atlantic provinces and a population of 22,000, many are still in the P.E.I. has a growing potential of becoming a province. Last week it began to set more like one by holding an election in which party politics permeated the North for the first time. And by pulling into power a government that is an alliance of 10 provincials, six non-Liberal and anti-Clare. The Progressive Conservatives won 11 of the 16 ridings, leaving only two seats for the Liberals, one for the NDP and two more for independents.

However the power of the government, its members limited, its leader does not become premier. The real test of its administration remains the commissioner who is appointed by Ottawa and who presides

over the territorial council even though that body is now all but officially known as the legislative assembly. That status is the new elected vice from some eight anti-entirement because they have no elected leader. Despite the landslide, Hilda Wilson, who won a bitterly contested leadership race only two months ago, was defeated at the polls. She was beaten by Alice McLean, a Liberal and one of two Indians elected while whole victory was unopposed. Wilson's loss seemed to set the stage for another round of party fighting, but narrow leadership was had been secured on a technically last split party by choosing Neilson's former members (from only another 10 votes) at the party convention. The issue was Yukon's federalist federalist member, Ed Neilson, and new a national security council.

Hilda Wilson, said probably have failed to read what a socialist journal wrote of her. "She has the way she is."

Wilson: not the Mother of Confederation



Others did not miss it. They just kept on spending the money.

The reason for the very performance, suggested Macdonell, is the absence of incentives for bureaucrats to do their jobs economically and efficiently. The incentives are all in the other direction: to spend money and build empires. To illustrate this conclusion, Macdonell produced a chart showing a 97-per-cent increase in government spending in the last 10 years. "It appears," he wrote, "that the public purse was gradually deemed virtually bottomless and that access to it was not unduly restricted for the engineers."

Macdonell has an effective weapon in the form of publicity. His report was, as always, a major embarrassment for the government and its ministers for the Opposition, particularly the Conservatives who have based their bid for power on a pledge to cut spending. Macdonell himself took some of the edge off the report in comments after its release in which he praised Robert Andros, president of the treasury board for two years until last week's cabinet shuffle, for his efforts to bring spending under control and said there has been some progress. The government, for its part, tried to down the auditor-general's report by subduing two other important announcements—the jet-fighter decision and Simon Brissard's report on the air to put—by the same day. But Macdonell's message came through, nonetheless, and now the government has little choice but to follow up.

by Ian Urquhart

"It should be noted that, in the same period, spending by the government's own also increased 7.66 per cent."



Montreal

Chocolate soldiers, dismiss!

HERE is a certain tragic inevitability in the end result that is emerging out of the closing of a small business in Quebec. There are protests and petitions, politicians from all levels of government make loud noises of concern and promise to investigate and help, the company executives sit solemnly to meet with officials and solemnly agree to consider

Cadbury government and poster the government couldn't provide chocolate-soldiers.

the government offers of assistance—and then solemnly but respectfully announce that the situation is irreversible. And finally, send a flurry of angry meetings, petitions and letter campaigns by legislative representatives, the plan that has been laid out with Cadbury's Montreal chocolate factory.

At first it seemed that the Cadbury closing was an industrial version of the Sun Life decision last winter—another corporation giving the finger to the Legislature government and moving to Ottawa. Certainly the manner of the original announcement last July made that a plausible interpretation: in an eight-line statement Cadbury President Timothy Powell announced the factory would be closed down "in or about Nov. 15, 1982"—the second anniversary of the Parti Québécois victory. Powell records the choice of date was well-received.

the first Mother of Confederation. But leaving the Yukon territorial status was part of the Conservative platform and Hilda Wilson, the first and a long political career could be eyeing a place in the history books as the first premier of a new province. Choice at the end of a new territorial party leader may well be put off until after next year's federal election to give him time to get for another attractive minister's term appointment to join Jack Clark's cabinet in Ottawa. On the other hand, if it Clark who has promised the Yukon provincial status in his first term while on his last visit there. Trudeau said, never in my lifetime.

As for the Yukon Liberals they blame their assembly showing of the polls on the anti-Clare sentiment in the Yukon—a phenomenon at historic proportions. Now, therefore, party leader Iain Mackay, the only Liberal elected since Maclean, has lost his first spot in the result. He selected two members—and that's one more than any province in the east at Western Canada.

Paul Kurie

Freedom to worship and die?

While the ultimate public nightmare about entry religious suits unfolded in northwest last week, Ontario Provincial Police had their own secretive rigorous ritual to investigate near Midland. It was not the first time the Fellowship of Christians and their commune, Wyvase Mill, in the Georgian Bay cottage belt, had gained notoriety. In September, 35-year-old Philip Blake, a farm laborer who had been living there with his 20-year-old wife, Cheryl, and their two children died in a shambolic crash. He had undergone a "laying on of hands," his shocked relatives told an inquest, and had stopped his main freshwater fish-baiting task at the instant that they saw, not necessarily his wife, her husband's exact had reappeared at Wyvase Mill after his death, taking a great deal of weight and apparently forgoing her own mission for a third condition. When her mother, Betty Foster, recently took several attempts on the strength of a family court order to recover the Blake's two children (Katherine, 14, and Christopher, 20), she was unable to reach them—or even talk with her mother. For her pains, she was charged with harassment.

Her concerns were echoed by ex-commune member Ron Hughes, who compares a Christian bookstore in the area. Hughes said he had joined the commune seeking for something spiritually bigger than himself but had left, after eight months, convinced that leader Heber Heyen was using "mind control" on the 20 or so residents. Hughes told of "reliving seasons" and an "awareness of extreme passions" within the compound. "I felt I was losing my identity. They ran you down physically, mentally



Betty Foster and lawyer John Gorman, a healthy fear of God became a sick one.

and spiritually. I have always had a healthy fear of God but inside there I developed a sick fear.

However, according to Foster, personally involved the Wyvase Mill story was just one more sad entry into a file in the attorney-general's department, thick with descriptions of those seekers of the way the truth and the light who have disappeared

into various cults and sects eager to be seen again or have emerged psychologically disturbed. The Guyana horrors were not generally public unless about such cults in Ontario. Five weeks ago, responding to public pressure, the provincial government appointed the Liberalian District but to study available information and decide whether a public inquiry should be held. After the sage of the People's Temple, the answer seems in little doubt.

Judith Thomas

legally, the company had to give four months' notice, which would have been Nov. 8. "I didn't want to make it four months to the day, so I said let's round it off to Nov. 15. There were a dozen people there and nobody said, 'Hey, that's a significant date,'" Powell insisted. "If we had it to do over again, we'd pick another date." Yet as much as the loss of 500 jobs, it was that provocative date that stimulated the surge of protest, petition and anger. The boycott of Cadbury products, supported by the union reportedly led to a 50-per-cent drop in sales of Cadbury chocolate bars in Quebec.

However, the closing—which happened, in fact, on Nov. 17—was due much more to cold multinational economics than to hot nationalist politics. Companies that were attracted to Quebec in the industrial boom before the First World War because of cheap labor are now faced with aging factories and

high wages. But the particular problem of Cadbury Schweppes Powell Ltd. have more to do with the skyrocketing price of cocoa beans in 1985 than with anything else. That was also the year the company poured \$1 million into modernizing the 60-year-old Montreal factory and built a new 100,000-square-foot plant in Whitchurch, Ontario.

For the unemployed Cadbury workers, the construction of the Whitchurch plant now seems to have been the fatal blow. "Listen, it was at that moment that the decision was really taken," says union President Hector Askin, an 18-year veteran at the Montreal candy factory. "Not so, says company President Powell. "That the increase in consumption continued at the same rate from 1935 to 1970 the way it did from 1985 to 1990, we would have had both plants fully occupied. But the price of cocoa went up 600 percent, and chocolate bars went from 12 cents to 25 cents." And

down went sales.

Quebec Industry Minister Rodrigue Tremblay, one of the least diplomatic and most gaffe-prone members of the Lalonde cabinet, succeeded only in falsely raising the hopes of the Cadbury workers. By terms of agreement (offering to build Cadbury a brand-new plant), conceding (offering to lend the company management expertise) and insulting (Tremblay publicly called Powell someone "of very great arrogance and very little competence"), he came away from the incident with his credibility damaged on all sides. But blustering or begging, Tremblay's attempts at intervention were irrelevant. "Our problem was not whether we could lower money, or whether we could moderate our plans," Powell explained later. "We needed more chocolate-ists—and there was very little the government could do about that."

Graham Fraser

Cognac: compliment of the season.

Nobody ever gets drunk on Cognac with it with the right light.

Published by the Quebec Nationalist Movement
in honour of the 100th anniversary of the founding of Canada.

Making the recall standard equipment

The continued imagination of Canada's entire advertising industry failed to sound convincing on this one. "Let's lose faith in our children," shrilled full-page newspaper ads in which an alliance of publicists attacked Quebec's imminent abolition of advertisements aimed at youngsters under 18. That idea on the commercial manipulation of young minds is a mere wave in the pre-consumer pool dreamed by the Parti Québécois government, which last week also had to defend its anti-consumerism campaign legislation under 18 from North American advertisers. The bill is the toughest challenge yet to

the car-makers' free-wheeling treatment of customers and would hold them responsible for the quality of their vehicles well beyond the usual one-year warranty period—years after they begin to circulate through the used-car market.

The Quebec bill—far more sweeping than anything proposed in other provinces—if passed as it will add a radical and potentially chaotic legal guarantee to all products, not just vehicles. Goods, says the proposed law, "must endure normal use over a reasonable period of time." Just what normal use and reasonable time periods are would be left up to the courts if Consumer Affairs Minister Luc Payette manages to have the bill passed intact, as he hopes, before the end of the Christmas shopping spree.

In a new moment of agreement, the car-makers' lobby—the Motor Vehicle Manufacturers' Association—and Phil Edmondson of the Automobile Protec-

tion Association warned Payette that the open-ended guarantee would plague the courts with long and confusing litigation. Lawyers would be fattened, but auto-makers and their owners would lack clear definitions of their rights and responsibilities until years of legal wrangling accumulated enough precedents to serve as guidelines.

Edmondson, the auto-makers' boss, says whose campaign against pressure is running led to introduction of three-year body warranties, erred that a straight three-year guarantee be imposed on passenger cars, a protection he said would add less than \$300 to new cars. The manufacturers, not surprisingly, are fighting to keep the right to define their own guarantees.

The universal though extremely vague guarantee would have real life unstated buyers could return cars and other products for full or partial refunds up to five years after the purchase. Again, it would be up to the

Never have so many owed so much for so few

I was profoundly appreciative that on the very day the auditor general's report was tabled the ghost of the Bone-venture—government waste—a classic example—was finally once again. Trouble was it had nothing to do with the report. Rather, it involved the distance department's announcement that the last of its \$2.34-billion jet-fighter contract had shortened to two from six. And while one lived, General Dynamics' F-16 has shown a willingness for original delivery. The other McDonnell Douglas' F-15A, a privately selected for sale on an export market Canada's last such aircraft, the troubled Bone-venture became ended in 1970 when it was sold to Taiwan as scrap.

That's not to say the courts—the Duxbury F-14, the McDonnell Douglas F-15, the Marquise F-16, and the Puma Toledo—were such ducks. That, the Duxbury was shot down during a test flight by its own missile going awry, but the real reason was money. Canada's refusal to buy 150 aircraft for its \$2.34 billion.

In its speech the past September, Defense Minister Marney Cannon declared "Technology is seen to be a cost-effective philosophy as appears which the industry believed could save taxpayers millions of dollars." Some defense—their own defense—cost Andrew Brown among them—believe Cannon is speaking of lost a gold. Arguing, as Cannon did, that we could be prepared for the possibility of bomber attack is, is



F-16 (top) and F-15A; chances in 1990, the Tropes need Canada's a solution home

Green and others are serious as outlining the armed forces with civilians in class the Tropes need Canada's a weaker home.

Through the final decision of expected unkind spring and fall deliveries will be made until 1992, the F-15 of General Dynamics clearly has the made back. For of Canada's need to allow—Honeywell, Biquin and the Netherlands—see buying

it to work, and it is by far the cheapest of the planes considered its staying power presumably can be looked (it is a single engine jet) to make matters worse.

The Canadian government already has two strikes against it when it comes to buying planes. The G-5 bought in 1990 was said to be the first fighter that needed a lighter escort during its short service in Vietnam. The G-104 Starfighters bought in 1992 have had an even worse fate—of the 238 Canada purchased 95 have crashed.

By MacGillivray



Edmondson, leaving from nearly a year ago

courts to decide whether sellers failed to respect their obligations.

Though used-car sales between ordinary citizens will escape the law, commercial used-car dealers would be required to guarantee two-year-old cars for six months or 10,000 kilometers, cars less than four years old for three months or 5,000 kilometers. Automobile buyers would also be covered by a guarantee of three months or 5,000 kilometers and, before work is started out, customers would be provided with a written evaluation which the final list must address. Similar repair evaluations would save owners of televisions and major household appliances from many surprises.

Other provisions would allow customers of health studios, dating agencies, dance and language schools to break agreements by paying only a 10-per-cent penalty on the unused remainder of their contracts. Advertisers would be forced to publish judgments holding their guilty of false claims and judges would be empowered to order retrials of advertisements involving falsehoods.

In addition to penalties of up to \$100,000 in fines for corporations and six months' imprisonment for corporate officers aware of infractions, the bill would introduce the U.S. concept of punitive damages in civil actions brought

by individual consumers.

Payette appears unmoved by opposition in his bill, for the law on the consumer side are on his side. An opinion poll published this month shows a remarkable 80 per cent of Quebecers satisfied by his policies—one of the source issues on which both French- and English-speaking voters appear to agree.

David Theberge

Regina

Putting a poet on the payroll

When R. H. Mandel settled up the 100 trade-show front seats at Regina's Central Collegiate last week, it was a homecoming of literary rarity. Forty years before, he had stalked the corridors of the same brick maelstrom as just another student on the road to journalism. Now he has returned as Mandel the Poet, staffing a string of credits behind him, including a 1967 Governor-General's Award for Poetry (*Like That Joy*), and wearing the mantle of his most recent honor, Regina's writer-in-residence. To the grade 12 class listening to his read his works, he was the literary Jewish wanderer who, after 11 years of "writing west" in Toronto, had returned to the purifying trial of a Prairie winter.

Mandel, 56, is one of 12 writers-in-residence in Canada this year, but he is the only one—and the first ever—to serve a whole company rather than the distorted labyrinth of a university. A new thrust in the eternal struggle, groping for the elusive "Canadian artist," the writer-in-residence position was established by Regina's 19th anniversary committee to help elevate the city's cultural holdings. For \$30,000 a September-to-September year (\$3,000

in expense money, \$3,000 from the city and \$3,000 from the Canada Council), Mandel travels back and forth from his home in Toronto, spending his time 50 per cent to the community in such endeavors as poetry readings, writers' workshops and private advising and 50 per cent to his own writing which, this season, will include work on a new volume of poetry, a critical book on Vancouver poet Bill Bissett, probably an edition of A. P. Poiry's critical essays and several articles on other Canadian writers.

Mandel, a short, balding man with heavy brown-rimmed glasses distinctly professional, has an "office" in the corner of the fiction section on the second floor of Regina's downtown public library. There are no signs saying, "This Way to the Writer-in-Residence"—for the several hours a week Mandel will reside there, writers and would-be writers must grope their way to his hastily erected, unmarked oasis. So far about a dozen have made it. They range from high-school students through a real estate salesman to himself.

Although Mandel admits the chances of his finding a genius or a masterpiece are "always very, very remote," he says several talented writers are at work in the city. He particularly recalls a homecoming who tentatively approached him with a manuscript for a secret-project "low-to" book. Other writers have not been as promising, and Mandel says he finds it difficult to answer someone who asks, "Am I a poet?" Do I have a chance that make it a writer? These are questions Mandel said no longer ask himself.

Born Elias Wolf Mandel (rhymes with candle, son of a grocer and his wife in Estevan, Sask. "A small town," says Mandel, "that knows the name of Cain"), he served in the Army Medical

Mandel "yields in the polished show off"



Meet the Prime Minister and his wife,
new residents at the
country's most famous address

SUSSEX DRIVE

the drama behind the drama
on Parliament Hill



starring
PATRICIA COLLINS and TED FOLLOWS

written by Marion Waldman / directed by William Davis

Thursdays at 8:04 p.m.
(8:34 Newfoundland)



CBC Radio

Corps during the Second World War, then studied at the Universities of Saskatchewan and Toronto, periodically taught in Quebec and Alberta and finally "settled" in Toronto, summing after in Vancouver, Spain, Portugal or South America. The war in which he served, especially the ghastly circumstances of the concentration camps, profoundly affected him, and nearly all of his poetry pulsates with grotesque images of torment, destruction and despair. York University Professor Frank Davey of Toronto has written "For Mandel, the world is a stage—in a sense of eternal and overwhelming perspective." Toronto, however, possesses none of his verse. Though his images are not often drawn specifically from the war, the parallels are clear enough. For Mandel,

the western Canadian poet can exhibit all the unwitting bleakness of a battlefield: a land of

sharp rocks...

could see where birds fell like rocks and screams, tanks, rifles and cranes. Nam Germany had Auschwitz, Estrova has a son that kills "twice and rubs in the poisoned vine air."

For all that, Mandel feels Basitschew is not utterly without redeeming social merit. Though he comments that Baynes is not as aware of the importance of art and culture as is Eastern Canada, he says, "There's something happening here. I'm not sure what it is. But it's here." He says, as Basitschew can hardly help but add to a burgeoning artistic awareness in his re-adapted home. **Bob Chesbire**

Park illegally to help vet

The Last We Forget sign was barely off the walls and the Remembrance Day wreaths had even begun to wilt when a band of Old French in Winnipeg found themselves real-ign from letter day and shock. Thirty-two members of the veterans' Canadian Corps of Commissioners, which for 50 years has performed the timeless ritual of tucking parking tickets under windshield wipers, heard that the Winnipeg police commission wanted them to go the way of the hand-drawn foot car.

The commissioners, most of whom are on partial pensions and rely heavily on their income from ticketing, never before had trouble winning the city council vote though last year their bid was the highest submitted. But the commission learned of Montreal's new regimen of resident street and the live leaders for 1975 and decided to avoid it to the lowest bidder. Metropolitan Investigation & Security (Canada) Ltd., a company owned in part by former Minister present Bill Roblin. The Corps did not want \$447,000, again the highest, can send to Metropolitan's \$300,000.

Corps commander Jack McKenna, a 55-year-old infantryman who retired three years ago, had no inclination to just back away and so declared war. Having his own fair party of fighting spirit, he launched a suitable military barrage at his new calls. Letters to the editor and newspaper advertisements. The Corps won the battle hardly last week when the city's finance committee voted unanimously to overturn the police commission and have the vets head for another year. Controller Don Smith even married into the finance meeting, wearing a British colonial helmet and gave a thumbs up sign to the commissioners in the audience who were waiting



for a battle that never really exists.

Griffing a moral road. Roblin and can play had staged a tactical retreat by announcing that Metropolitan would gladly withdraw its bid should the city decide in favor of the commissioners (who will contribute \$4.95 and \$5.00 an hour). "We have proved you will live years on the basis of a five day work for a five day day," an impressed Mayor McKenna told writing committee members who had made up their minds long before the money was brought. If a councillor had taken against the decision, would Don Smith win be bewildered his talent. "He would have gotten that right across the throat."

Peter Charles Gortner

Simply grand ~ Grand Marnier



Grand Marnier.
Five cognac with a hint of wild oranges.

Cult of Madness



He saw himself as an amalgam of Christ, resurrected and "a reborn Lenin." He called himself "the father" and "a prophet of God." But to scores of defectors from the People's Temple cult, its master, the Rev. Jim Jones, was a grand "little Hitler." And in the god-damning finale that Jones staged for himself and his fanatical followers in the Guyana jungle he managed to rival in horror the suicidal last hours of the Third Reich.

"They started with the babies," said Odelia Rhonda, a member of Jones's isolated farm commune, who fled into the forest as the mass suicide began. By the time they had finished, it is now known, some 900 people, Jones and his wife, Marvin, among them, were dead. And as

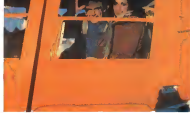
People's Temple pamphlet and Jones poses a suicide pact enforced with guns

the bodies of the victims were flown home last week in U.S. Air Force planes, the Federal Bureau of Investigation turned to a series of unanswered questions that could roll further shock waves over an already stunned nation.

Question No. 1. Was the whole event plotted from the start by an inner clique to rob the sect of millions of dollars? The prospect seems fantastic. Yet \$3 million is missing from the Jonestown compound. Where is it? And what was the heavy metal locker that one survivor saw Jones men carry away along a jungle path ahead immediately after the ritual death ceremony?

Question No. 2. Where in the sect's missing missing lost Marxism—was it after Jones's wife? Was it used for a Caribbean gateway?

Question No. 3. Why were Jones, his wife and ministers, all shot through the



Ryan and Jackie Spauld on inspection tour of Canadian red hut last winter

head instead of poisoned like everyone else? Could they have planned to flee the commune once everyone else was dead? Were they murdered by others who turned greedy?

Question No. 4. Why have so few old people been found among the dead? A lot of elderly pensioners moved out to Jonestown. Is there a mass grave somewhere in the jungle? Were old people systematically murdered over the last year so that their weekly welfare and pension checks could feed the commune's coffers?

Question No. 5. Did the sect members really believe that the liquid they were told to drink contained cyanide? Jones had staged at least eight previous "suicide" sessions in which only Kool-Aid was offered.

There were the key riddles. But as the FBI investigators searched for the answers, ordinary Americans were still riddled by the convulsions of recent days—each worse than the one before. First came news that Congressman Leo Ryan, four ministers and a cult member had been shot to death as they tried to leave the Guyana commune following an investigation of conditions. Then came word that 406 cult members, including Jones, had committed suicide immediately following the murders.

Then, at week's end, the U.S. air base in the Guyana capital, Georgetown, an-

nounced that there had been a riot-riot. The number of victims eventually reached about 300. Since 1985 passports had been issued and only 35 passengers, it seemed likely that few former residents remained unaccounted for.

That was simple arithmetic. What the world could not account for was the apparent willingness of so many human beings to follow one man with such docility through so many evils to their ultimate destruction. The fact is, however, that their early loyalty was not inextinguishable.

Larry Layton led into Georgetown court for arraignment in the airport killings



James Thorman Jones was a jolly, pasty 47 when he died, sick in his bed and in grief. But when he set up his first People's Temple in Indianapolis in the mid-1960s, he was a handsome, charismatic young preacher—at least not affiliated with any established church. His lifestyle was "religiously eclectic"—a mixture of food and clothing fads and updated fire and brickstone evangelism.

His "fully integrated" church drew praise from city fathers and large contributions from a mostly black congregation. In 1968, flanked with ministers, he moved to cult country—California. Almost at once, he left the ecumenical jacket. People's Temples were established in San Francisco, rural Redwood Valley, Los Angeles and elsewhere. By 1976, Jones was claiming 30,000 followers and had become deeply involved in liberal-left politics.

A supporter of Hiram Newton (the Black Panther chairman), Ansel Davis (the Communist teacher) and other black revolutionaries, Jones—marrying Marxist fervor with that good old-time religion—got the best of both worlds. And when the turmoil of the black power, campus revolt era passed, he found himself a formidable political power in California.

Jones's regimented followers could get out the vote at rallies in proms throughout the state's large black community. Governor Jerry Brown, police chiefs, mayors, district attorneys paid court to him. He dined with Vice President Walter Mondale aboard his chartered jet and shared a platform with First Lady Rosalynn Carter in a hall packed with his cheering fans.

But gradually something about the temple began to leak, and that suggested a darker side to the genial, usually dressed figure who dined with the elite at San Francisco banquets. Renegade followers charged that they had been beaten for petty infractions and forced to denigrate each other in humiliating humiliating sessions that lasted until dawn. Offenders were treated to the "board of education," a wooden platform worlded by a muscular follower.

Parents of one 16-year-old girl filed a lawsuit charging that she had been struck 75 times on the buttocks. Other defectors said that Jones was an outrageous charlatan who claimed religious conversions and the power to raise the dead. Jones gave the most dramatic proof of this "ability" himself. As he left the temple on Geary Street one day, a shot was heard. Jones staggered, blood apparently smeared over his shirt. As admirers screamed, he was carried into the church. Minutes later he responded in a apoplectic new shirt, smiling warmly. The crowd melted.

His prophesy of a fascist take-over.





Jones and newspaper publisher Carlton Goodlett (above) stand, 1977 Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Award winner Jones is seated. "Theopolis" lives on a ship.

a race war in which blacks would be thrust into ovens like the Jews, increased in force. The nuclear holocaust, too, was coming nearer. The faithful were told to give and give. The poor and the elderly surrendered a fourth or a half of their incomes. Others gave all their worldly goods, including homes and even life insurance.

Jones organized numerous for these devotions, supplying their basic needs in return for long days of work baking, sewing or bugging for the cause. He dined on \$2 a week in pocket money to each member.

The money, Jones explained, would be used to carve out a promised land for the sect, aside from the coming conflict. With a copy of an *Esquire* article touting "the nine best places in the world to live" as his guide, he went prospecting in South America. "Then Jones picked Guyana," said an aide. "Because it had many black Christians. He thought they might join the temple." And after presenting scores of letters from leading Americans—many of them false—praising his social and religious work, Jones was given permission to buy

22,000 acres of jungle to build a new nation. Hundreds of his followers—men, women and children—were shipped out to clear land and plant crops under appalling conditions.

The labor began three years ago, and in August of last year, as criticisms and media interest in Jones increased, "the father" took for Guyana, never to return. He took with him several million dollars in temple funds. In the isolation of his promised land, Jones's paranoia increased. The handful who returned from Guyana told of tougher "cultish" attitudes and punishments. It is not clear when the bizarre slipped over into the lethal. But there can be no doubt that the last 38 members in Jonestown were lived out in a rising crescendo of child and sexual abuse.

Timothy Stoen, a San Francisco lawyer and former Jones aide who left the cult earlier this year, says that Jones had a "relationship committee" that had to approve all romantic entanglements. On one occasion, according to Stoen, a young woman who had been serving a male cult member without permission was forced by Jones to engage in sexual acts with another man before all 1,100 in the commune at the time. Another former cult member, Anna Mobley, recalled that Jones had something called the "Blasphemy Monitor"—a thing they did to children—they took children into a dark room and attached electrodes to them and then shocked them and told them never not to smile at Jim Jones.

Several Jonestown survivors testified that children who misbehaved or did not work hard enough in the fields were taken at night to a deep pool where they were told that "Big Foot" lived. Two members of the cult would be hiding in the pool as the children were thrown in and left. They would grab the kids by the hands and feet and drag them to the bottom, only releasing them when they were on the point of drowning.

By then Jones was seeing plots everywhere. The 19-year-old son, Stuppas—who was in Georgetown the day of the mass suicide—told reporters his father had become "a fascist" who was constantly taking drugs for some unspecified illness.

He often talked of death and staged suicide drills, building up a siege mentality in the camp, and when his mind finally slipped into madness Jones's hold over the faithful was still powerful enough to persuade hundreds of his "disciples" to join him in death.

If the process which led up to this member finale had only one point of beginning it was probably thousands of miles away in San Francisco, when the mangled body of Rev. Houston, a railroad worker, was found on the tracks in

the predawn hours of Oct. 5, 1978. The incident was written off as an accident. But the dead man's father, Sam Houston, a news agency photographer, didn't believe the coroner's verdict. And Houston was a friend of California Congressman Ryan.

Houston persuaded Ryan to accept an invitation to dinner and, over the meal, explained that his son's body had been found the day after he had announced his intention to quit the People's Temple. Ryan had once been the younger Houston's teacher and, in an emotional scene, he promised to investigate Jones's activities.

Ryan's file was soon bulging with complaints from families who had lost loved ones to Jones's charisma and the trail led unmistakably to the remote jungle camp. Ryan alerted the state department and was told that personnel from the Georgetown embassy had visited the camp and reported that the sect was "benign and harmless." There

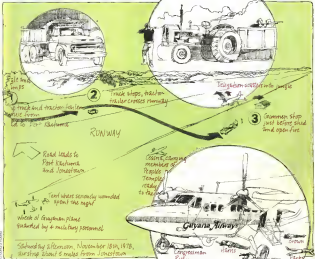
was no suggestion that people were being kept there against their will.

But Ryan, who once spent a week at California's Folsom Prison while researching reforms, was not put off that easily. He decided to investigate firsthand, although he realized that it might be dangerous. Jones and his two American lawyers—Mark Lane and Charles Garry, both with long records of involvement in anti-establishment causes—tried to persuade the congressman to stay at home. But eventually the cult agreed to see Ryan and so, on Wednesday, Nov. 15, he flew out, accompanied by some of his closest staff members, a band of relatives who were particularly worried about their kin and several journalists (Ryan believed publicity might be his best protection.) After stopping in Georgetown they traveled on to Port Kaituma, a rough-hewn

jungle airport about five miles from Jonestown, in two light planes. Jones's lawyers Lane and Garry accompanied the party. Immediately on landing Lane obtained Jones's permission by radio for the party to travel to Jonestown where they were to tour the facilities. By now it was late afternoon and the party was anxious to move on. But as lawyer Lane was to recall later "A group of angry men and women, one man with a gun, turned up. This had a chilling effect on the people in the plane." More negotiations took place before everyone was allowed to proceed.

At Jonestown, however, things began to look better. Ryan and his party were escorted to find the settlement's clean modern buildings, good medical care, advanced farming methods and racial harmony. The emotional climate, too, seemed to be better. Ryan drew satiated applause when he told

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group of residents that the trip had changed his mind about the community. Nor was there any hint of the trouble to come when, at a private meeting with Jones and the lawyers, Ryan said that his only concern was to see that people who no longer wanted to stay.

Things began to go tragically wrong late next (Saturday) morning. A reporter wandering around the compound was invited from a building where Lane later saw residents living so close together as "live in a shoe shop." When Lane argued that the reporter should be allowed in, Jones became angry.

There, around, reporters saw instead that the residents quickly walked away whenever they approached them. It seemed they were frightened. A correspondent who managed to talk with one group found that they really did want to get out, but had been told the lawyer's party was there to kill them. That afternoon a family of six walked straight up to Ryan and told him they wanted to leave. Jones was mad but there was little he could do immediately and Ryan, his party and about 12 residents started down the dirt track to the airstrip. It was raining.

They hadn't gone far, however, before one of Jones's top lieutenants, Don Sly, grabbed Ryan around the head with his left arm and placed a knife against

Ryan's neck. The two lawyers, who were standing behind the congressman, grabbed Sly and managed to stop him from cutting Ryan's throat. But in the same instant Sly's hand was not with Ryan's clothes were bloodied, Jones, a little way off, was a witness to the whole incident, but he made no move to help and the lawyers, who were staying behind for further discussions, walked with apprehension as Ryan's party disappeared from sight.

They dropped dead when Jones took them aside and, in a reference to several cultists who had left the camp earlier, said, "There are things you don't know. Those men who left a few weeks ago to go into the city are all going there. They love me and they may do something that would reflect badly on me. They're going to shoot at the people and their plane." Jones then assigned armed guards to escort the lawyers to a far corner of the compound, while he called a mass meeting of members.

Meanwhile, on the airstrip, Ryan's party was preparing to board when a trailer pulling a trailer with three men aboard stopped some way off. There was just enough time for Ryan to determine one of the party's fears that they might be up to no good when the men in the trailer pulled out automatic weapons and began to shoot. Some people

paid of perfect harmony that never wavered when they find their fundamental principles threatened by the outside world. Believers have many times chosen suicide as a way of immortalizing their purpose.

Certainly mass suicide, though rarely rare, is not an unheard-of phenomenon. A few years after the death of Christ, 960 Jews killed themselves in the besieged fortress of Masada rather than yield to Roman soldiers while in 1944, when the Americans took the Japanese island of Saipan, hundreds of men, women and children leaped off a cliff into the ocean rather than surrender. At Graceland, a leading suicide expert at the University of California, says, "In the ultimate suicide, the person of the group can be so powerful that suicide may not be the individual choice but it is nonetheless demanded if you're in the Marine Corps and the sergeant says it's time to go, you can't just say 'Gee, Sergeant I prefer not to.'"

But in the case of a cult there is another factor involved—the leader—and Mentalist psychologist Richard Helms draws a disturbing analogy about him. Says Helms: "A school of fish has no real leader. If one fish strays he comes back into the school. But if you throw a shark into the school and he goes on ahead, the others will follow him. If he becomes the leader not because of anything he has, like charisma, but because of what he is doing."

Where the crazy fish swims, the others will follow

One of the most significant aspects of the mad events in Guyana is that they occurred in United States psychiatric hospitals were warning quite openly about this phenomenon. However seriously a startling rise in suicides among young people and the proliferation of "weird cult" groups.

Five thousand young Americans commit suicide every year—more suicides in the United States than in any other country. The suicide rate for young people nearly tripled between 1955 and 1975—to 11.5 per 100,000 people.

Today a cult is seeking the suicide ways of life, an escape from social taboos. Dr. Robert L. Loe, a Yale University psychiatrist and authority on homosexuality, says: "There's some kind of historical phenomenon here when people are being debauched in most social change and the present logic enlightening, there is often a cry for a return to absolute simplicity in the rules of life. People seek to return to a



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The sins of 'the father' come home to roost

The 20 members of the People's Temple who, keeping a tight veil in a shrouded Victorian paragon in San Francisco, were did not look like radicals or revolutionaries. They looked like good, quiet, and afraid of the stage hurried off their from parking cars and in the media. Slender in silhouette, all the innocent-looking and on Jones' face they clearly showed signs that they must be doctors or at least — on a first look — not difficult to believe that. Some had been there before — some were, in fact, and most had fled behind the curtain-like walls for spiritual news — and protection from suffering. *Witnessed by* by Jerry Brown

Anche Jones, a tall 65-year-old black man in a powder-blue suit, a soft-felt panama of the turquoise and the man (if anyone ever does) most likely to succeed the dead leader, quietly asked people to renounce the rehabilitation work, the health clinics and the cultural-plannerian deals. But Jones' feet had already left members of Jones'...

They were able to run away into the dance jungle. Others fell wounded around the plane and a gunman then walked up and fired a couple of shots into the heads of those who were left.

EWING, NBC news correspondent The Harris, San Francisco Examiner photographer Greg Robinson, NBC cameraman Robert Brown and directing People's Temple member Patricia Parker.

The wounded and those who fled in the first shots spent the rest of the night in panic, believing that the gunmen would return to finish them off, but they did not and a relief plane evacuated survivors late on Sunday. Hours later the seriously hurt were in hospital at Andrews Air Force Base, Washington.

Back at the camp, all was confusion. As Lane, Garry and a few survivors told it later, the gunmen drove directly back to Jonestown and reported that they had failed to make a clean kill. It also emerged that James had planted a lat man among those who said they wanted to leave the commune to shoot the pilot of Ryan's plane, but he had panicked when the other gunmen opened up and bungled his job. (He is now in custody in Georgetown.)

Jones was addressing the entire assembly when he got the news. It outraged him further. He told them that mercenaries were surrounding the camp and were closing in for the kill and the suicide ceremony began. As Jones chanted, half in a frenzy, his followers lined up to take their turn at the vat of Acid-Al and cyanide. Frankly

works. While San Franciscans hurried in a jumble of shock along the narrow, crowded streets, a dozen former foreign missions across the bay in Berkeley were only as quiet as MIA.

The tales they told in the wood-frame artist's nooks, the new houses the human freedom. Gertie went toward the world. Formed in August, 1977 by two capable members as a halfway house for young cult defectors, the center's mission had taught a lonely battle to denounce once New puppyhood from lack of deep adoration, but transparent that someone was at last listening. They related the whole dark story of progressive sexual corruption, wholesale manipulation and, really, imperialism.

Back at the temple besieged by enemies from every corner of the world, expressionless black youths guarded the site and in a monotonous hiss deflected bullets and decelerated whining airplanes (for Jonestown relatives to the state de-
anarchy)

Inside is the darkened dressing hall. The toilet was framed with an American flag and a copy of the U.S. constitution. There are no religious objects—just a picture of Martin Luther King on one wall and several small framed snapshots of Jones dotted

posed in circles holding hands, waiting to die. Mothers gave the parents their babies and then to themselves, and minutes later they died—in agony. When one was reluctant, it was said later, was forced to drink at gunpoint and Garry escaped the nightmare by persuading their guards to let them



he all the lucky ones, Hyacinth Thresh of
San Francisco, slept through the killout.

around in the silent, carpeted-walls room (a barbershop, audio contact with Guyton ceased at noon on the day of the Ryan killing) the only occupant was G. Robbie Jones, a black parrot. The members said they intended to continue. "We have been getting along without Jones," said one of them, Jean Brown, "for a year and a half now. But she did not say how, though no one has yet thought to revoke the temple's own practice: screens—the Phosty Aot and the hoodon given to a 'church' from outside the world."

By the weekend, indeed, things had returned to something akin to normal. Those who had come to take shelter had departed, leaving behind a yard full of packing crates filled with supplies for the Gordon of Eden in Oujana which had cancelled itself out of a boomer and so well.

As they drove away in their station wagons, past the film crews and sensation-seeking tourists, there was just a mute guard of honor—a sea of late-model cars given up by the people who had come to Jonestown. And the California semipalmers had hoped and they will be sold. Their owners scoffed as one observer put it: "He brightly colored ostrich" in a Guyanese compound had no more need of them.

Thomas Hopkins

go and find into the jungle, from where they could hear Jesus shouting "Methinks, methinks, methinks." Survivor Odeh Rhodes worked his way from building to building, through a field and, with a panic-stricken group, rushed into the bush. "I didn't think the guards would commit suicide," he said. "They were a clique. They didn't mix much with other people. After that there was a lot of confusion. I don't know what happened."

To be humane dragged on all week at a squalid mixture of Japanese army detachments, US troops, diplomatic and congressional investigators, FBI agents and relatives of the culprits went about their various tasks. There were the bodies to be identified and flown out for burial in the United States, there was the fate of the hundred other cultists to be determined (more than 1,000 were originally thought to have been in the camp), and the need to establish that the cultists were not Japanese before the tragedy on Jonestown. In the final scenes had been played by Jones and his followers.

There was no shortage of gillnets into Jonestown's normal routine. For instance, Tom Hogue, 17, who manned a gillnet near Jonestown with Brian's group, revealed that anyone attempting to escape was put into solitary confinement in a three-foot "punishment box." Jones called his shotgun-carrying guards the "burning crew," and troublemakers were put in the "extra-care

men," when they were heavily dosed with drugs. One, when Regue and a friend were caught trying to escape, they were shackled in chains for three weeks and forced to work in the shackles 18 hours each day chopping wood in the tropical heat. Others who tried to escape were placed in solitary confinement in a box six feet long, three feet wide and only three feet high, in the dark, for a week at a time. Other truck-makers were forced to dig deep storage pits and 200-foot-long ditches. Those who didn't work didn't eat.

There was much more of the same, and large headlines back home, reflecting local gossip on the cult's fringes, that James might not be dead after all. An autopsy and fingerprint check seemed to squelch that rumor soon.

Guyana: bizarre land of sorcery and socialism

I was hit by charges that the Plevin Jew was "using" these Gypsies for his People's Temple agricultural mission: the Nova Scotia-based country on the northern tip of South America is a tropical hellscape for the bizarre Plevin Minister. Lander Forbes Burnham was pushed into power 14 years ago by the CIA and Nelson's anti-African, London-based lawyer and twisted Marxist Burnham was seen by the capitalised powers as being the master of two evils: the opposition Dr Cheddi Jagan was somewhere left all Love and there were rapacious, that he might turn the country over to Moscow.

This assessment may have been a touch optimistic. Once installed, Sumner authorized all major industries—including a massive Alcan plant and numerous Balaban-owned sugar estates—dedicated the country's political philosophy was to be "co-operative socialism" and legalized slavery.

Most of the 600,000 Japanese fish were coastal plants and rarely ventured into an inshore oceanic domain, as evidenced by dietary studies and stomachs associated with every whose parents fish can strip a man's body to a skeleton in minutes. Even the oddest themselves can occasionally be used to be heavily—often lost—found their fellow oddest. Despite its national motto, One nation, one people and one destiny, Ojima's battles with racial antagonism. There is a complex struggle for progress between the country's 226,000 blacks—the descendants of African slaves—and the 200,000 East Indians brought in by the British to work as indentured laborers after slavery had been outlawed.

The bulk of the rest of the population is

One thing, however, was certain: the tragedy's shock waves will be felt throughout the U.S. for years to come. Already demands for investigations of the estimated 180 acts and acts of reprisals in 1982 are mounting. Balancers who tried for years to juggle assets away from Japan's temple in California are bitterly protesting the official failure to look into its activities, despite scores of complaints to the FBI and state authorities.

There was not the only protest. Flynn's chief aide, Joe Heinsinger, said he had been "in the room" along the line between Secretary Vanden Heuvel and the highest negotiator, and down at, these low-level officials in Gageville, which is a godforsaken spot, somewhere

should have listened. Someone is there
should have said perhaps we should do
more.

"If our government is so ineffectual, that sometimes we are trapped by these rules, that we cannot do anything, my God, we're through as a country."

Little remains of the People's Temple in California, however, the churches in San Francisco and Los Angeles are closed up for sale. A few hundred hardcore members remain in San Francisco, but they seem as stunned and bewildered as outsiders. So while the immediate reverberations continued, to man's regret, the cult of Jim Jones ceased authority to long outlive its founder.

William Lowther/William Seaton/
Thomas Hopkins

look up at Europeans (there is a very difficult arts-and-letters) and the native Americans. Some of the Indians work mainly on the coasts of the low large plantations in the coast. But their work would make France's Wild West very much look like children's play of Peter Pan. Occasionally they are sold and reborn— and since they are used to farm like over breakfast and

A British colony from 1814, Guyana became an independent member of the Commonwealth in 1966. It is the only English-speaking nation in South America, but Kariakoum—dominated by a huge Indian Anglican cathedral—echoes to a symphony of Amerindian soul. Juranian (Javan) and sentimental Hindu spirit

into the beleaguered area, the People's Temple members filed almost unobtrusively. Though it may have seemed inconceivable to some that a supposedly Marxist and terrorist group, which should have been prepared to give sanctuary to religious cults that found themselves unwelcome elsewhere (The Jehovah's Witnesses and Seventh-Day Adventists also have large settlements in Guyana.) On the far hand, there was some suspicion that a Jones group, at least, was taking the

[illegible]

Gayle's PM Barnham (above), and Guyana's Progressive Party leader, Jagan.



The lost generation in the legacy of war

As the first of 600 Vietnamese refugees from the freighter Hai Hung jetted in to Canada on the weekend, they left behind them a situation growing daily more chaotic and tense. The crowding of some 600 other refugees off the Malaysian coast, when four boats sank, served to underline the problems. For there is a growing bitterness in Malaysia and in Thailand—land flooded as the "Land of Smiles"—that the affluent Western countries are content to take a minute proportion of talented people while leaving the East to cope with tens of thousands of hard cases. And the situation promised to worsen last Friday as the Malaysian navy set out to prevent a new flotilla, carrying some 4,000 refugees, from entering Malaysian waters.

The concern is especially strong in Thailand, where some 150,000 Laotians, Cambodians and Vietnamese (like the Hai Hung's passengers) are being in danger of refugee camps. Western adopting countries "have criteria that the Thais reject very much. They will take people with diplomas or those who can speak foreign languages, but leave the others," said Madao St. Chabral, assistant regional representative on the UN High Commission for Refugees, last week. And the "others," he added, were greatly in the minority.

The Thais have donated the land for the camps, help the High Commission pay the \$10-cent per-head per-day food bill, and now the refugees moved on as soon as possible. But at 2,500 a month—October's fairly representative "normal" figure—the refugees or their descendants may be condemned to camp life for generations. Indeed, the Thai government has reluctantly found that reality. It recently agreed its refugees could stay for "two generations"—which, officials say, amounts to about 30 years.

Malaysia's refugees are mostly "boat people" accepted under the emergency conditions of sinking ships and starvation, and the UN places a couple of thousand of them a month. But after that country has chosen its new citizens, an odd, unmovable and generally "undesirable" residue is left, and Malaysia fears it will never get rid of it. This was the reason for its apparently hair-splitting argument that the Hai Hung's

2,500 passengers had paid to escape from Vietnam and were therefore not technically refugees. On that one occasion the rule just cut its admission to Canada's 600, France took 1,000 people, the United States 700 and Belgium 150.

But that was a tiny drop in the huge human exodus that continue to crisscross most of the Southeast Asian mainland as well as its neighboring seas. So far this year, about 100,000



After being pushed out to sea, the refugee boat (above) capsized. Of the 200 aboard, only half made it back to shore (below).



States immediately admitted about 300,000 Vietnamese, and since then has taken in some 50,000. France has accepted 45,000, Australia 14,000, and Canada 7,500. But for the host countries there are other threats, that the expense and dependency of the refugees.

Government officials in Bangkok are quick to recall that during the fighting in which the Vietnamese freed themselves from French domination in the '50s, 50,000 Vietnamese were allowed to settle in northern Thailand in exchange they returned when the shooting stopped. All but 11,000 of them, however, are still there, and many of those who remain, claiming they have been treated as second-class citizens, have joined forces with Communist-led forces that opposed to Bangkok's military regime. If this is a preview of what to expect from the new generation of refugees, Thailand—to say nothing of its neighbors—may lose its smile for good.

Michael Chaplin

ethnic Chinese have died back to China from northern Vietnam, while the number of Laotian mountain people escaping to Thailand has risen to 32,000 a month. About 300,000 refugees—including Vietnamese nationals—have fled to Vietnam from Cambodia.

The wave of southern refugees threatens to increase in the next few weeks, since it appears that the Vietnamese government is actually encouraging people—ethnic Chinese, ex-businessmen and others uncomfortable under the Hanoi regime—to leave. This was why U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, in Geneva last week, tried to talk up an international meeting for early next month to discuss the contentious question. Canada, Australia, New Zealand and several European countries would be asked to accept more refugees, to take the pressure off the U.S. At the end of the war, the United

Italy

Still on the air but in the red

Radio costs, falling audiences—it might have been a videotape playback of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's recent pilgrimage to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission is search of a new license. In fact, last week's latest heartwarming TV installment had the Italian parliament in Rome for a lesson and the state-run radio and TV network Rai for a syllabus. But the deal, essentially, was the same: they were told by the watchdog committee that even Rai's operations that it was on the way to running up \$200 million in debts by 1988 thanks to a galloping budget deficit, the refusal of new million Italians to pay the annual license fee on which Rai depends for a substantial portion of its income, and the loss of half its radio audience in a mere two years.

The revelation raised some raised eyebrows but little surprise among Italians, who have come to regard Rai with something akin to dread because of its old-fashioned and wasteful administration. Top jobs are usually split between members of the leading political parties, including the Communists, rather than awarded on the basis of broadcasting or management know-how, although Chairman Paolo Grillo, former general superintendent of Milan's La Scala, opera, is a notable exception.

If the message is a joke there is nothing at all humorous about Rai's current plight. One major contributing factor is that the network is encumbered in providing a third (nationally TV channel by 1979 and investment for that has eaten grossly into current income. Another is that the government has turned down Rai's suggestion that its advertising revenue quota, \$150 million this year, should be increased by \$37.7 million next year. Instead, Rai is going to be allowed only an extra \$20.2 million.

A third gagging worry is the competition. Since 1975, when the Italian Constitutional Court decided to break Rai's monopoly on local broadcasting, hundreds of private local radio and TV stations have started up. In Rome alone there are more than 30 TV channels. Operating mostly on advertising budgets and showing third-rate live, they have failed to make too heavy an inroad on Rai viewing figures. But the radio story is different.

The government has proposed legislation to bring order to the chaos as the services, where stations overlap in a

conspiracy of silence. But so far, powerful commercial broadcasting interests formed mainly by big newspaper groups, the third largest in the country, have prevented agreement on a national private enterprise system to compete with Rai.

The crowning agony of this long-running sob story, however, is that it leaves some of the grief unnecessary. If all the Italians who own TV sets were to pay their license fees—\$70 for a color set, half that for black and white—Rai would be richer by \$50 million a year. Trouble is, they don't. Only 600,000 people, a fraction of the number of set

owners, have bothered to pay their color licenses since the service started two years ago and, since business was slow, tax-dodgers, there seems little chance of early improvement. Small wonder, therefore, that when he heard of the government's refusal to grant him all he had asked for, the way of extra TV sets among them. Grillo threw up his hands and threatened to resign. "If Parliament wishes to impose such growth on a public service, we are on the right track," he complained. Chi President At Johnson could scarcely have put it better.

David Willey



The label says it's superior rum.
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Not really something to bubble over

In the press room, information officers played champagne cork. In the delegates' lounge, relief, self-congratulation and more bubbly spilled over the headlines. "To a consensus," said a UNESCO spokesman, raising his glass in triumph. The reason for the celebration was the unanimous adoption by UNESCO's 20th general conference in Paris of a long and bitterly fought-over compromise resolution on the mass media which had threatened not only the fundamental notion of press free-



UNESCO's M'bow (left) and Canada's Beaudin, despite free speech, a hollow ring



dom, but impinged the very future of the 46-member United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization itself.

Reporters had turned up in hundreds to keep wary eyes on the hot points which had erupted almost unannounced onto the organization's agenda eight years ago. The Soviet Union at that time endorsed outright state control of the press in a proposed resolution that has been rewritten over the years to chronicle some of its more chilling big brotherisms. Nevertheless, it gathered support from an expected quarter: developing nations who protested that Western coverage of their countries was larded with fact-shuffling colonialist stereotypes and tales of how the photon didn't work. The Western news services held such a

stronghold on the news that they couldn't make their own voices heard. At the opening of this month's meeting, Director-General Amadou Mahtar M'bow of Senegal, who had drafted the latest controversial version, defended it with the rhetorical charge that "journalists, no matter who they are, are not absolutely neutral"—and the fight was on. The question clearly threatened to shatter the organization in an acrid ideological split—and it was equally clear that, by their sheer numbers, the resolution's backers could easily carry the day. If that happened, the rumors went, the Americans would stick up at UNESCO, taking with them the 25 per cent of the body's annual \$300-million budget paid by Washington. And there was equal on-brag on the other side. A U.S. offer of a \$94-million plan over six years to help Third World countries set up their own news services with satellites, hardware and training took on the overtones of a big stick. Mahtar appealed a delegate from Sri Lanka, "They're trying to buy us off."

Confused, Chairman Napoléon Beaudin, director of adult education at Quebec City's Laval University, played one of the chief backstage roles in forging the final compromise. M'bow, however, reached in at the last minute to champion the defense of his own constitution clause, and to take the credit for a consensus—apparently with one eye on the United Nations secretary-general's chair.

In the vast of back-pitting which followed, Canada was one of the few countries to take issue with the "negotiations and ambiguities" of the watered-down and barely grammatical resolution. "What we end up with is a toothless text. We've only defused the issue. It's a first-class brawl," said Yves Beaudin, Canadian ambassador to UNESCO. Indeed, while the outcome was seen as a diplomatic triumph for the West, it had a hollow ring. As the debate was raging, Iran was expelling a UN correspondent and Tanzania was banning foreign-based reporters from covering an African summit.

In the massive press coverage of the debate, however, the fourth estate showed a certain *caveat emptor* conscience over the accusations of the Third World. One year ago, the United States had protested that European news agencies depicted the country only as a savage frontier with leeching and Indians on the warpath. Now it is a hearing that familiar tune from another source—one that is not yet in question down here.

Regrettably, the internationalist Telecommunications Union will meet in Geneva to discuss redistributing the world's airwaves, and the same battle lines are said to be taking shape.

Maureen McDonald

How too many snoopers spoiled the cook's broth

Everything seemed to be going well with Hans Apel's teaching career in 1972, election authorities in West Berlin chose him to draw up a pilot scheme for curriculum development. In 1975 came an invitation to serve on the curriculum board. Then, in 1977, April 29, he heard that he was being reassigned by the Office for the Protection of the Constitution. The result he was told: Apel, a teacher for 12 years, took his case through the courts until, finally, a public service tribunal ruled in October that he was unfit to teach, period. His crime? He once addressed a Communist Party rally. The court ruled his speech showed that Apel followed the party line, and that his loyalty to the constitution was therefore suspect.

Reaction to the loose case of state snooping permitted by West Germany's "extremist" decree was swift, and 16,000 people attended a protest rally in West Berlin. But Apel is only one of 2,000 people who have fallen victim to a ruling aimed at preventing subversion from infiltrating the civil and public service, which has 3.5 million people in its payroll. And, as public discussion about their fate continued last week, one of the main talking points was that the ruling has been applied more harshly by some states than others in ultraconservative Baden, for example, even train drivers and postmen have been sacked after identification by the "protectors" of the constitution.

Not all the "abuses" have occurred in conservative strongholds, however. Card-carrying Communist Robert Seewer was fired from his job as an army cook. Seewer, it turned out, had served for four years and received advanced weapons training. "It is ridiculous that a man who can serve his country with a gun cannot do so with a cooking utensil," said Claus Heintz from a civil servant working in Social Democratic Party (SPD) Chairman Willy Brandt's office in Bonn.

Curiously, Brandt, who introduced the decree when Chancellor in 1972, has led the campaign to liberalize its application. "It is not meant to say that so-called extremists' desire has not been our confidence," he said recently. There is little chance of the ruling being changed, however, because the opposition Christian Democrats and their Bavarian sister party, the Christian So-

cial Union, are happy with it.

The impetus for liberating the decree has come from the SPD's left wing, which complains that the security net snoopers slip infants while leaving extreme rightists (such as neo-Nazis) untouched. Others agree that the decree has been too stringently applied. Says



Heintz Brandt: "It has been misused. After all, in a train driver really going to drive his train to Moscow just because he's a Communist?" It is ridiculous when so-called sensitive job areas extend as far. We want more tolerance."

In an attempt to bring this about, SPD Deputy Chairman Egon Kuchack came up with a set of "new principles" for applying the decree. These would require more in the security service in all but key sensitive areas such as the police, armed forces and judiciary; make Communist Party membership alone not grounds for dismissal or rejection, and substitute behavior, instead of political affiliation, as the cri-

terion for service. That concept, however, does not seem to be shared by Chancellor Helmut Schmidt who, while opposed to any "snooping," demands "flexibility to the constitution." "We are irremediably opposed of any sort of Communist activity," he said recently. Nevertheless, some SPD states such as Hamburg and Bremen have already relaxed enforcement of the decree.

If the extremists' state has not created a "snooper" decree, as some leftists claim, it does stand as if someone has been using a drip-hammer to crack a walnut. According to the security service there are only 1,600 leftist and 500 rightist extremists in government service. And although

more than a million people have come under scrutiny, only 10,000 doubtful employees have been screened, and only one-fourth of those have been barred. Into this "Redfluor" situation—the press calls it—there stepped recently the "grand old man" of the SPD, Herbert Wehner, 79, himself a former Communist. Wehner's single suggestion was that the key word in the law, *Verdachtsmerkmal* (suspicion), be defined much more precisely. No one in authority, however, has yet taken him up, and until they do Hans Apel and his fellow victims will still be out of their jobs.

Philip Grenard



Miller Ayres, 36, to Ayres LTD. His crowd-glazing solutions are called for

letting operations from the other segments, although Miller Ayres, 36, her to the family empire estimated to be worth more than \$50 million, denies there is any financial problem and laughs off the rumors. Nevertheless, he admits, "The announcement about closing this store was made because we had to. There's no exact plan right now, but there has been no such rumor as the go,

Ask them no more questions

50 months and 600 complaints into its short two-year life. The Office for the Protection of Paperbuses (created by of

and for the local government last May to reduce the backlog of government paper work that currently costs small business \$3 billion is having set of things to do. We're not getting as many telephone calls as 100," complains Jim Howe, the former Saskatchewan businessman whose objections to unnecessary paper work landed him the job of Paperbuses director.

Without those phone calls, we're out of business. Howe hopes to save small business another \$180 million over the next 18 months. So far, elimination of a Statistics Canada job vacancies survey and the revision of some 8,000 short form from filing monthly reports on sales tax returns have saved \$40 million. 2.6 million hours spent filing out forms saves \$16.35. Howe's estimate of Paperbuses's hourly cost in wages and overhead. Next recommendation: save \$30 million by dropping documentation requirements for imports worth less than \$200. But the name, the humble name. "My wife still laughs every time she sees it," Howe admits. "Then she makes me explain it to my mother."

Don Brown

Howe, does your mother know?

profitable this year. Ayres's figures are probably worse than other stores because they haven't been running a good store. The quality of their merchandise has definitely been slipping, and the layout isn't the most attractive in the world," says a fellow Water Street businessman. In fact, Ayres's difficulty may reflect a general downtown malaise. Atlantic Board of Trade General Manager Bruce Tulloh: "The downtown area has been in a slump." Part development, offshore oil and gas, and 2,000 provincial civil servants coming to new government offices in nearby Atlantic Place are cited as signs of rejuvenation. Too, Water Street has recovered before, though rampaging fires three times in the 19th century, but today's St. John's shopping public will soon want more than crowd-glazing stopgap solutions. Closing-out sales don't go on forever. Robert Fleckie

Defending what comes naturally

Simon Brissman's lip curled as he flaked away pressbooks shots about his being an author assigned to review his own book. These critics—were Brissman's laughter in the introduction to his government-commissioned quick study of the Canadian automotive industry, released last week—were perhaps not being serious. Then, for 382 more pages, the former deputy minister of finance and principal architect of the 1985 Canada-United States auto-trade agreement went on to say why the past had done what its authors intended it to do, despite a \$7.5-billion cumulative deficit for Canada in cross-border vehicle and parts trade.

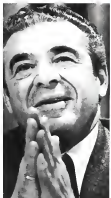
What was intended? Not, according to Brissman, what a lot of people in the industry and politics have come to believe—a guarantee for Canada of a so-called "fair share" of production, jobs and wealth from the North American industry equal to Canadian consumption of the industry's output. The conditional free-trade auto pact was an emergency measure, says Brissman. "No one thought it would last 13 years. It was to meet the worry in this country in the 1960s that the Canadian automotive industry was going down the drain. We had to do something to keep what we had"—a satellite industry, then as now, operating behind high tariff walls with inefficient protected versions of Big Four (Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors) models. When the tariff walls came down, says Brissman, Canada was reeled from inefficient high-cost assembly and parts production. The value of output in Canada of North American vehicles increased "by

leaps and bounds." New jobs and better wages resulted. The price differential between Canadian and U.S.-produced vehicles was wiped out.

But the part of the pact was that separate decision-making, engineering and design functions which had existed in Canada before 1965 all but disappeared. "Canada had virtually nothing real in this area before 1965," Brissman says in defence. "We have even less now but the appearances and realities are now clearly in line." The pact's negotiators, moreover, didn't even attempt to win for Canada a better share of investment, engineering work or research and development (\$24 billion or R & D spent in the U.S. in 1987 compared to \$8 million in Canada, most of it by independent parts producers).

To Brissman, cars is an American industry and the Americans call the shots. He rejects the idea of trying to negotiate a better agreement with the Americans; they're not interested, he says, and Canada might wind up with less than it has now. He rejects the idea of developing a Canadian car, saying no producer is interested in it—let alone with government partnership. He rejects the idea of trying to lean on the Big Four for more Canadian production content, because, he says, Canada

Simon Brissman's viewpoint is revealed: the independent St. Joe will flourish



doesn't have enough weight or pull for the leading U.S. manufacturer to respect the use of the taxpayers' money to lure more plant and production investment into Canada.

It's a depressing study. To the Canadian independent parts producers, it's a hard-Act report that won't help them. To J. J. Sheppard, vice-chairman of the Service Council of Canada and an advocate of a joint government-industry effort to develop indigenous Canadian vehicles, it's a warning message to all the little supporters of U.S.-Canadian free trade.

Michael Valpy

Going for par on the 49th

During the heady, humid days of summer, 1971, when the Canadian dollar was worth 56 cents, American border towns existed only to serve Canadian bargain hunters and British Columbians went wild over the price of soap in the town of Bellingham, Washington, a fast 40-mile swizzle north

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for grocery carts," a Bellingham Chamber of Commerce spokesman says. Now those days are over. The Queen's green sign is worth a paltry 85 cents, and so may fewer Canadians are journeying to Bellingham and every other American border town that sales have been dropping ever since.

With only a month until Christmas, Americans are filling over themselves to win back traditional Canadian buyers while Canadians won't take greenbacks as a bazaar of counterfeiting, television, radio and newspaper advertisements are promising spoils for the ungrateful.

Thanks to a 15-per-cent premium on the U.S. dollar and a recently enacted customs regulation that permits Americans to import more duty-free Canadian merchandise, Canadian retail is in the upper hand, repelling day-tripping Yankees with frantic frills like Motown's recent "Maidy for Music Days." Desperate merchants in Maine and Wash-

ington and some 1000 firms in New England (where Canadians spent \$78 million in 1976) retaliated last month by taking over the Canadian dollars at par.

The tactic seems to have worked. Bellingham at larger companies like Greyhound Tours in Seattle is up, and the Bellingham Holiday Inn's weekend occupancy rate has jumped from 30 per cent to full in a month. Attractive firms in California, Oregon and Florida may follow suit. But the idea horrifies small-business owners like clothing-store owner Jim Kelley of Calais, Maine. Canadians bring them a third of their business, which is "way down" despite generous discounts and prices that are still competitive after exchange rates, duties and taxes raise them 45 per cent.

Unfortunately, it could be worse—and is in Detroit. There, some hotels on the city's downtown River-Roof strip refuse Canadian money completely as ex-

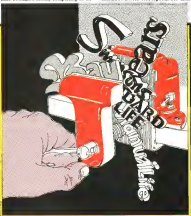
change rates flutter from nothing (at some bookstores and for buying Detroit 80-rodging Orchestra tickets) to 30 per cent at the odd McDonald's. While commuters going the other way pay Canadian income tax on U.S. salaries boosted as much as a fifth by the exchange rate, U.S. residents working in Canada these days take an enormous salary cut of 30 per cent. Then, for people like cnc Program Director Don West, it's no consolation to Michigan's Bloomfield Hills, swarming all the way about making each must. "Every few days," West says, "I go through this moral exercise: is it cheaper to buy you in the U.S. for \$29 cents an American gallon at a dollar discount of 165 cents, or an Imperial gallon in Windsor at 50.9 cents Canadian? I've forced to get every cent I earn in the bank in the desperate hope it will change."

—Ian Brown with correspondents' files

One down and two to grow

Not sover fast. Petro-Canada pulled its way to an even larger (53 per cent) chunk at Pacific Petroleum Ltd. (for a 10 to bond run againsting \$1.5 billion) took another take over toll through the true between Manufacturers Life Insurance Co. and Standard Life Assurance Co. of Canada (McLean's Nov. 12). Two complicated, shaggy Edinburgh-based Standard Life Managing Director, David Donald Merrell, President Sydney Jackson, the man who deamed up the takeover a year ago stood to become president of what would have been the country's second largest life insurance company with \$2.4 billion in assets. He said he was "noted" against to Donald's "unilateral" and "irresponsible" decision. He said it could have gone through "he says" and that Standard paid too confidence and publicity. You see, it had never been done before.

Neither had anything like Hudson's Bay Co. President Donald McEwen a duet road on over Simpson's Ltd. paraded while Simpson's Secs. Ltd.'s own bid for the company was limpingly before the Toronto Investment News Agency (McLean's Nov. 27). McEwen was willing to pay \$7.75 a share for Simpson's shares but also trading at \$2.50 for a total of \$250 million and a dividend at a massive 10.5 per cent with a combined total potential at \$4.4 billion. Simpson's was not amused. Chairman G. Allen Barker emerged from a board meeting last week with a humored counter-offer at one hand



and, at the other, a 1982 agreement which would allow Simpson's to acquire Simpson's Secs. Ltd. bid to be offered to the other partners. Then Robert Barndt, director of investigation and research for the Federal Bureau of Competition Policy expressed "a great deal of concern" over the buy offer in which the buy was supported by offering to dispose of Simpson's shares

in Simpson's Secs. Ltd. in proportion to bid by paying 4 would concentrate too much power in one firm's hands. At all levels and only one thing was perfectly clear: it will be only a matter of time before other retailers—Y. Eaton Co. and F.W. Woolworth Co. Ltd. perhaps—will have the protection against a takeover by the big 4 firms. —Ian Brown

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Gestetner

An idea whose time has come. Again.

For Jane Fonda, the art of wearing a stringy green bikini in her upcoming movie *California Suite* seemed conduct unbecoming of a lady—a 40-year-old lady at that. Although never famous for her modesty, Fonda had to be coaxed into doing her bathing-mat scene by the film's director, Herbert Ross (*The Goodbye Girl*, *The Taming of the Shrew*). "A 40-year-old woman's body is a 40-year-old woman's body," said Fonda when she showed up for her fittings. Replied Ross: "You look fabulous!" However, just to make sure Fonda felt fabulous in scenes where she resorts on a beach with actor Alan Arkin, Ross suggested she try doing 10 push-ups between takes to ensure firm body tone. She did. See Jane run.

Proving that old actors don't die—they merely turn to writing—61-year-old *Jeans Fondaing* (a before, during) has come out with her version of Hollywood-on-hill, entitled *No End of Ross*. While in Toronto on a three-day publicity blitz, ash-blond Fontaine discussed her life: a rocky childhood, four failed marriages and, of course, her much-noticed onscreen battles with screenwriter *Clint de Havilland*. "When I was 16," Fontaine said, "she threw me down, jumped on me and broke my collarbone." Fontaine's Toronto-based relations (on the de Havilland side) were somewhat kinder. During her visit they

Fontaine is a prickly sociobiologist



Fonda wrinkles, wrinkle little star

took her to tea and treated her to dinner at the posh Grande Club, where rough-looking simply isn't permitted.

It was a case of destiny, paroled by a hour on the set of *Old Pink Hawk*, an upcoming movie starring *Will Sampson* (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) and directed by *Don Siegel* (*Gun*). "Does the Road?" In the film, a pivotal scene calls for a fight between a bear and a bear. The bear, named *Gina* (star of '76's *Greedy Adams*), was caged and waiting for his cue. The bear, also perched, looked tired. At the sound of a whistle both animals were released and theatrically trained to go to it. However,

the four-foot bear took one look at his eight-foot opponent and surrendered, running, breaking through an electrified fence and a wooden enclosure while scattering cameramen in his wake. Cut. No scene. "The animal decided to change the script," said Canadian producer *Joe Lima*. "It's pretty hard to argue with a wild bear."

Don't do, not as I say, was the clear implication of *Francis Minister* *John Gorton's* proclamation last week in an effort to set an example for the country, which is suffering from a whopping travel deficit. Gorton admitted: "I'm not going south for a vacation this year. My family is bloody mad at me and my wife wants me to change



my job." Although Gorton has opted for a ski holiday in the snowy climes of Shawagga, his father, Willie, chose to disregard his son's advice and is now wintering in Florida. Charles Jr., however, is willing to make exceptions for his father. Willie turned 91 last month.

They met in a classroom. He, the poet *Irving Layton*, was the professor of an English poetry workshop class at York University. She, *Marianne Benaïm*, was the pupil. Last week, the *My Fair Lady* fairy tale reached a real and happy conclusion when Layton, 56, and Benaïm, 36, were married in a Toronto synagogue. It was enough to cause Canada's modern satiric poet to—as Shakespeare in the style of the 19th-

Layton and wife: married in bloom

century romanticism. "Some older men hope to find their happiness in the eternal beyond," quoth Layton, shortly before the wedding. "More fortunate than they, I have found my happiness in the arms of a graceful and lovely woman, and without having to make like Goethe's hero, a pact with Mephisto."

With fewer than 14 shopping days remaining before *Manichaeus* began arrived in Canada on his recent stop-out visit, federal government officials were left without a potpourri present for the Israeli prime minister. Their last-minute gift-giving problems were solved, however, when they placed a

long-distance call to Toronto artist *Ala Bayelsky*, 55, who was in Chicago celebrating Canada Month at the Canadian consulate. Bayelsky was asked if he had any spare copies of his *Tales from the Toldad*, a hand-printed, hand-bound series of 18 lithographic prints done in 1986. He said yes and in due time the gift was given to figure. "I don't know how and where and who presented them, but it was my understanding that Trudeau did it," said Bayelsky. Although the *Tales* were officially called a gift from the Canadian people, in part they were a donation from Bayelsky; the funds bought the prints for less than \$1,500 market value.

When dancer *John Kuzmicki* was a child, he spoke as a child and played as a child, but when he became a man and joined the corps of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, the directors there told him to get rid of his childish things—more specifically his kooky-eyes. Kuzmicki, 22, is a dancer with a difference. Unlike most, he doesn't worship his physical self-being, which is why he rised seven-inch moustaches and unconvincing growl in singing on with the BWB last year. But it's hard to take the big out of the man. Recently, during a rest stop on the way to Toronto (where the ballet will play the *O'Keefe Centre* Nov. 27-28), Kuzmicki tried his hand at football. One hour pass later, Kuzmicki had a broken finger and got a stern warning from his superior. Reports Kuzmicki: "They've now banned football too." Edited by *Joan O'Brien*

Kuzmicki: a moustache built for love



Grunting and sweating for a 69-year-old mug

The irony The Edmonton Eskimos and the Montreal Alouettes were making their fifth appearance in the Grey Cup in the 1970s it was the fourth time in the last five years that they were playing each other, yet they were playing the game on the field of the Toronto Argonauts, the longest running

But, in a country where weather be-
comes the league commissioner in No-

And such is the theme of the *Cougar* Grey—oft trumpeted as a man-to-man adieu on the level of CS—that the two lead singers of individual anthems, Premiers Peter Lougheed and René Lévesque, sat in the stands and applauded their scores on the stage.

On the field, the traditional rivalry between these two consistently successful franchises continued. It was

inaugurated in 1954 in one of the most dramatic of the 66 Cup games. On a clear Toronto day at old Varsity Stadium, the serial slayer of Sam "The Bull" McWhorter and the pass intolator of Red O'Quinn were cranked by a bizarre insult to no one by Chuck Haasinger. A 22-year-old spaghetti-legged halfback, Jackie Parker, grabbed the ball and ran 85 yards for a touchdown. The convert was the game for Edmonton, 20-0.

The following year, Parker, Norriss Strong and Johnny Bright led the Eskimos over the Alouettes again, this time by a score of 26-20. Back in Toronto in '56, Parker scored 19 points in the first year of the six-point touchdown and completed the three-year sweep that wouldn't be renewed for 18 years.

In the interim, Montreal finally won one in 1993, their first in two decades, and the Blackhawks lost a pair. When the teams got back together in Vancouver's run in '74, the stars of their last encounters were in the Hall of Fame.

Gone are the days of the whirling dervish from Mississippi, the leaping catches of Hal Patterson, replaced by the square-toed boot and football soccer-style. Don Sweet kicked four field goals in the muck and the Lerks was 20-7. In Calgary in '76, Dave Carter kicked three for Edmonton in -30°C weather. Sweet kicked two but missed one and the Eds came back 8-8. Under the marbled awl of Olympic Stadium last year, Sweet booted six through the posts, piling Montreal's score up to 41 against Québec's none.

In a CFL season that saw Ottawa dominate the East only to lose out in the final, Calgary charges back from last place to within a point of the division-leading Edmonton, the BC Lions fade, the Alouettes lose three quarterbacks, lose and again, Saskatchewan and St. John's Lancaster bow out, Harold Ballard's Wildcats back into the playoffs, the Hamilton Tiger-Cats, and the Toronto Argonauts go through two head coaches of offensive hammers, a coach, and waste yet another high-priced back, the crossroads finally come to the top.

The Eskimos quietly played well enough to win their conference and then led the heavy apparatus from Calgary. The Alouettes, with a new coach and an offence designed for players lost to injury, survived and took their rightful place once again. And both understood the hoops, hype and pom-poms and added another chapter to their rivalry.

And by Monday, the chandeliers were back in the hotel lobby, the more than 30,000 who managed to get tickets and the live online or so who watched on TV were gnawing through hangers and broken petals, sniffing must reports for details they'd missed, and wondering who was playing in that week's hockey games.

Hal Glick

Hall Gaylor

Environment

Explaining a far-out phenomenon

On July 17, 1989, Captain Robert Bartlett reported sighting Ben Bulbin, a mountain on the west coast of Ireland. Nothing odd about that, except that the mountain was 300 miles away and the visible distance from Bartlett's ship no more than 40 miles. He was seeing something well beyond the blue horizon.

Bartlett, like Chopin before and after him, was experiencing the "Aesthetic crisis"—an aesthetic phenomenon that



two professors at the University of Manitoba think may explain many Norse myths and may have acted as a navigation aid for Erik the Red and other Viking explorers in an island-hopping expedition that led to the discovery of North America. It may also be the reason why people once thought the earth was flat.

Leonid Savitskiy, a geographer, and Waldemar Leht, an electrical engineer, have been working together since 1968. They say the Arctic village is an oas-

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Science

The star-spangled Soviets

By Allan Bailey

As the tiny mechanical womb sped on and on, the soft humming of a guitar lured their thoughts from the interminable emptiness. For cosmonauts Vladimir Kovalenok and Alexander Ivanchenko, music provided a

previous link with the planet from which they had been separated longer than any man in history. The arduous 140-day stint aboard Soviet space station Soyuz 26 came to an end for the high-flying troubadours one day last month as they woefully climbed from the ferry capsule to a *kosy's* welcome. Crossing a string of triumphs this year, their record-breaking space odyssey propelled the Soviet Union closer than ever to its goal of the permanent occupancy of space. And, for the first time since they galvanized the world with the launch of the first satellite—Sputnik 1—and the first astronaut—Yuri Gagarin—the Soviets appear to be in a position to seriously challenge U.S. dominance in space.

The Soviets have had little to crow about since their poor showing in the Great Space Race of the 1960s. But now armed with a meager budget estimated at four times the \$4.5 billion allotted the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) for 1978, they have bounced back into the limelight with an impressive space "first." And while the Russian space program has reared less high gear—with an essential aim of establishing permanent cosmodromes as a platform for manned interplanetary space flights—the U.S. program, to the dismay of NASA officials and administration critics, has slipped into neutral. The star of the U.S. space effort—the reusable shuttle—is

already six months behind schedule, overweight and plagued with engine trouble. Expected to get off the launch pad Sept. 26, 1978, the shuttle will be used to ferry astronauts and scientists into space and eventually act as an inexpensive "pickup truck" to carry satellites and unmanned interplanetary



Kovalenok, Ivanchenko (above) before their lift-off (left) and landing (right) odyssey that crowned a string of triumphs

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probe into space. A recent policy statement by President Jimmy Carter, however, effectively doused any optimism that the vehicle might be used for such glamorous schemes as solar power stations, space factories and colonies. As one fellow Democrat gleefully observed, "If [the space policy] could have been more imaginative! Others have been more naive than our Republican Senator Harrison H. Schmidt, himself a former astronaut, says he is 'truly concerned' that the administration seems oblivious to the importance of an expanded space program for the free world." Schmidt, the last man on the moon, complains that Carter's policy "seems of confused intent." In words he says, "we're not going to be second to anyone." But in fact the kind of policy articulated will ensure that we are second. "The rivalry with which the Soviets are attacking the medical and technical barriers to space travel has impressed NASA observers. Said one, 'We're going to wake up one day and they'll be No. 1.'"

Two months before they hit the silk high above the Kazakhstan Steppes, Commander Kovalenko and Flight Engineer Ivanchenko took the Soviets aloft at the U.S. record of 807 total man-days in space. Their good health upon return has launched doctors' fears that too long in the dream-like condition of weightlessness would do irreparable damage to the body. During the 169-day mission, the cosmonauts had a rigorous three-hour daily workout on a mini-gym designed to prevent loss of muscle tone. Past experience had shown that without the constant pull of gravity the muscles atrophy, the calcium level of bones decreases and blood circulation becomes impaired. The pair

were various pastilles to prevent the blood rushing from the legs and pooling in the upper body, as it tends to do during weightlessness. Even after all the precautions, the cosmonauts were a little dazed when exposed to the crushing force of gravity back on earth. Kovalenko complained that even a cup of tea sat like a dumbbell in his stomach. Nevertheless, Flight Director Anatol Yeliseyev maintains that the Soviet Union is now ready for flights of practically unlimited duration.

Soviet officials are just as pleased with their new space station, Salyut 6, in which the two cosmonauts spent their 140 days in space. It has been visited by eight other cosmonauts and four Progress automatic resupply ships in its one year of operation. On board the space station, the visiting cosmonauts—including a Czechoslovak, an East German and a Pole—shot miles of film of the earth, produced alloys and electronic crystals in a special blast furnace and performed unscheduled genetic experiments. Salyut 6, with its two docking ports, not only permits space capsules from earth to visit for the first time, but allows cargo ships to bring up water, air, food and fuel. On one flight the Progress delivered a guitar and fur shoes.

The success of the new station lends weight to the statement made earlier this year by Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev: "Soviet science considers the creation of orbital stations with changing crews as the highway to man in space." Such a policy is likely to yield major advantages over the U.S. program, which is limited to the maximum 30 days in space, for which the shuttle is designed. Moreover, the Soviets will

eventually outnumber the U.S. astronauts, limited to seven at a time with the shuttle. The head of the Soviet Space Research Institute, Yuriy Izrael, says that, "In future it may become more practical to build stations which will work for decades with some 20 to 30 cosmonauts working in shifts." This would eventually evolve, he said, into "super-large multi-purpose space complexes meant for 100 or more space-men." Apart from housing laboratories and space manufacturing facilities, these orbiting workbenches would be used to develop orbiting power stations, "tens of square kilometres in area," that would tap the sun's energy and beam it down for use in large cities. Until earlier this year, the Soviet fleet had been that manned and unmanned supply ships were enormously expensive because they were good for one return trip only. This weakness is also the strength of the U.S. reusable shuttle. Last spring, however, Avtomat Zhenezhon Technology awarded space watchers with the news that the Soviets have been secretly testing their own version of the shuttle. The Soviet shuttle, smaller and lighter than the U.S. Enterprise, breaks the assumed U.S. monopoly on flexible and inexpensive access to space. The revolution also makes more plausible the notion of large space stations and the possibility raised by cosmonaut Anatol Leonov that such orbiting workshops would be used to construct large vehicles for a manned mission to Mars (The idea of launching interplanetary expeditions from a space station, rather than from earth, is being developed because the weight of fuel needed for the round trip would make a blast-off from earth impracticable).

For the U.S., no such adventures are in sight. Instead, in the Carter family, "during the period of Saturn/Apollo missions, we were playing in space, ranging far from home in search of knowledge. Now we will become shipbuilders tending our technological flocks, but like the shepherds of old, we will keep our eyes fixed on heaven." In other words, for solar power satellites, space stations, and interplanetary flight—heaven may wait. With the seal of space pioneer Werner Von Braun some 25 years ago, the idea of Senator Schmidt are inhibiting to reliable free in the U.S. space effort with new legislation. For the moment, however, the likelihood of a new space race is remote. In the words of President Carter's chief science adviser, Dr. Frank Press: "If the Soviets decide to spend \$70 billion to land men on Mars in five years, we say 'God bless them.'"

Brethren: Inspired by the two cosmonauts, the girls in moon greater than clothes.



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Archeology

This sunken treasure is pure history

Just 36 feet down in the icy Labrador waters, archeologist Robert Greiner and his three-person diving team splashed the wreck. There on the harbor floor in End Bay, hidden by thick layers of silt and sea urchins, lay the missing half of a treasure. 16th-century Spanish galleon, named the San Juan. The team's discovery, after only three days of searching, seemed almost too easy. But it will take historians some time to evaluate the historical significance of the underwater find. When Greiner, a federal civil servant with Pacific Canada, announced in late October that the 300-ton Spanish vessel had been found, the discovery was immediately hailed as the richest archeological find in Canadian waters. But far more important, it represents a valuable missing link in a little-known 60-year period of this country's history.

Until recently, only vague knowledge had existed of the time between Jacques Cartier's expedition to Canada in 1534 and Samuel de Champlain's arrival in the early 1600s. Now, 36th-century insurance claims turned up in archives in Spain by Canadian architect Selma Barkham—which led to the discovery of the San Juan—document the passage of many other Spanish Basque galleons that braved the Atlantic to make dangerous harpoon hunts of whales along the coastal shores of Labrador. "It's incredible how accurate the documents have been in helping us to identify the period," says Patricia Kennedy, head of the pre-Confederation records and manuscript section at the Public Archives of Canada in Ottawa. Barkham was able to give Greiner an exact location of the San Juan sinking, which occurred in 1565, from descriptions of the site contained in legal records of a feud between two Spanish harpooners over whale oil recovered from the wreck. The vessel had almost been fully loaded with whale oil when a northeasterly storm blew up. The ship tore loose from its moorings and the vessel was driven on the rocks and sank. The discovery is expected to provide invaluable new clues to researchers, who have already taken Barkham four years, in piecing together a first-ever scenario of the Basque voyages to Canada.

Already, she has unearthed evidence



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that these whaling expeditions were an annual trek, often involving as many as 2,000 sailors, youths and priests. Once landed on the rocky shores, whalers constructed cabins roofed with red seaweed (this occurred from Spain). During the day, they slaughtered the whales and boiled down their oil for later use in weaving, soap and oil lamps on the European market. At night, the Basques would often return to their ships to escape the swarms of bloodflies. In late fall, just before the ice set in, the Basques would return with their whale oil cargo to Spain, trading off for



with spices, sword and crossbow. The boats perished after the 16th, partly because the whales had been severely depleted, but more significantly, because the destruction of the Spanish Armada by England in 1588 drained the Basques of money, men and ships.

Land sites of the early Basques are being researched under the direction of James Tuck, an archaeologist at Memorial University in St. John's, Newfoundland, who calls Berkhams' findings "a new chapter in Eastern Canadian history." One of these sites is Red Bay, on the Labrador coast, almost directly across the Strait of Belle Isle from the island of Newfoundland. Originally called Baltus by the Basques, the whaling station is believed to have had a population of 500 to 600 in the heyday of the hunt. Financed by the

National Geographic Society this year, Tuck is exploring a frozen log that has preserved within it artifacts of 16th-century musket material. Residents are trying to turn the area into a National Historic site, partly to preserve it from future treasure hunters who it is feared will come searching for non-existent gold coins traditionally identified with Spanish galleons.

Meanwhile, Greiner is determined to bring the San Juan, piece by piece, to the surface next year, provided he can find federal funding. Greiner, who has dived for over three dozen sunken ships, including treasure ships in the Gulf of Mexico and a Greek merchant vessel off

Berkhams (left) and Greiner with underwater photos, map showing discovery site. While oil isn't gold, but the find was priceless.

the Cyprus coast, diving back to 200 ft, says the oak galleon "is among the best preserved I've seen." Protected in the sheltered bay from erosion by waves and preserved in the frigid waters from decay, the wreck is remarkably intact. He also wants to explore a second wreck, also believed to be a galleon, on his return trip to the eastern coast.

Though Berkhams met Greiner by accident, their collaboration in finding the San Juan has solved a century-long puzzle in Labrador. The presence of thousands of red clay tiles, which guardians of Labrador shrimpers have grown up far red ochre to paint their model boats, and the plentiful piles of sun-scorched whalebones, now covered with green mosses, left along the barren shores.

Julianne Lahreche/Robert Plunkin

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Tripping, then stumbling upon the light fantastic

by John Chivers
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Chavez is best known for his chronicles of the suburbs of the entire United States. It is an unpeopled, post-war society, in which neither the people, nor the houses, nor the lives are very old or well rooted. The inhabitants are prey to a special angst—the rootlessness and loneliness of the nomad. Their *melancholy* is a nostalgia for a home that no longer exists, and may never have existed in the midst of affluence. They are disappointed and disenfranchised. They are not a violent tribe, but they suffer and reflect emotional aberrations. There is a world where, in



John Cheever is a survivor. Endurance and resilience are written in every line of his small, wiry body with its whipcord hands and a face marked and worn with the ravages of alcohol and ecstacy—a map of pain and exultant strange journeys. His victories over his poetic terrors and demons have given him a calm assurance, reflected in his subdued New England speech, though the timbre of his voice owes at least some of its base sonority to his

Born in 1912 in Quincy, Massachusetts, he remembers his boyhood as being spoiled, very much a know-it-all, and until his father, a self-made man who manufactured shoes, died in 1929, he was the center of the family. In 1929, at 12, Chavkin attended his first disappointing presentation that he was going to be a writer. At 17, he published his first short story and was then 22 when he was drafted into the army and had to spend a year in the service. He was a great student, but he was not a great writer, and that was his problem. He was a great student, but he was not a great writer, and that was his problem. He was a great student, but he was not a great writer, and that was his problem.

For the third (and fourth) Saturday Cheshire lies in an 18th-century house on the Hebridean Hebrides, with its late 1737 walls and a view of Orkney. "I think I've written a book in almost every room of that house," he says. "I write in any room that doesn't happen to be occupied, and I always write with the door open—I can't stand having a closed door—and I usually wander around the house, talk to the dogs, a great deal, write paragraphs aloud, and I go in and out of the house. I never really had a study, I don't even have a desk. It's extraordinarily sensitive not for dialogue, because you're so much closer to the characters."

up in New York's Brothers Rehabilitation Centre, he managed to woo Patricia through a date with the guinea-pig: personal experience of a heterosexual and homosexual drug addict, it's a testament to the indestructibility of the human spirit. With his best-selling *Johnny* published in 1977, Cheever finally achieved the elusive status of major novelist. Harrowing, even sinister, venial, the book is full of unexpected humor, perhaps the best of Cheever's superb, often loathing at Big Dog several years ago. He still revels with delight in a reversal made by a Chicore innuendo. On what he called mother-in-law — was that Machiavelli?

Standing under the canopy of a 19th Street apartment house in New York many years ago, Cheever wrote about the ending of his classic story "Goodbye, My Brother." "You're talking to yourself! Mr. Cheever," the doorman said. He was wrong. Mr. Cheever was talking to the world.

Robert de Sanjan

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the words of H. Andersen, "Each in the soul of himself is almost overruled by his freedom."

There is menace in this world, and even horror, as experienced by the narrator of *The Death of Jostino* who, in a scene rivaling anything in Kafka, dreams that he is in a crowded supermarket in which nothing is labeled, identified, or known. Even the books for sale have no titles. There is humor, too, mostly dark, based to a cutting edge by lumpy, bullying wives. "When I took a mouthful of sand I had to spit it out. 'Ah, yes,' my wife said. 'I was afraid that would happen. You left your lighter flint in the pantry, and I mistook it for vinegar.'"

Memory is crucial in Cheever's work. Not only is it a link with the past, it is the exploitation of memory that produces art and literature and civilization. Of almost equal importance are light and water. In *Brewster*, the narrator's disgust at Brewster's promiscuity dissolves away in the Mediterranean, in which his swims underwater with his son. "With a little chop on the surface, the sun falls to the bottom of the sea in a great net of light. There are starfish in the colors of lipstick, and all the rocks are covered with white flowers."

Cheever writes superbly spare and hard prose, with a tough intelligence beneath the rhythms and cadences. His writing elevates the commonplace into the universal, and readers in any country will meet Cheever's characters with shivers of recognition, thanks largely to his almost perfect ear for dialogue.

He's a moralist, but a subtle one. His writing exhibits the values of a man of fundamental decency, with a warm and compassionate regard for humanity. Most of these virtues end on a note of optimism, with an image of transcendent hope: the naked woman walking out of the sea at the close of *Goodbye, My Brother*, and the image that concludes *The Country Doctor*: "Then it is dark, it is a night where Kings in golden suits ride elephants over the mountains." Cheever should be saluted for this optimism; it is rare in modern fiction, for nowadays it is fashionable for an artist to be judged only by the resonance of his setbacks and the quality of his despair. —Hubert de Santana

Petronius would have been proud

THE FOUNDER
by Gilbert Graess
(Longman-Canada, \$19.95)

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check-full of checks of history, ranging from the Stone Age to the 20th century, hacked off the bone with a dull knife. He has tossed in scraps and scraps of anthropology, geography and politics, and handfuls of gritty notes and dates. To thicken the stew, he has spooned in hundreds of naughty bits—in his own and everybody else's—and poured over the whole mess a glutinous sauce double of locker-room humor. The result is a 200,000-word fag, in which the macho doesn't work and the highfalutin philosophy melts without a trace.

He has excerpted books of all kinds, then tumbled them into a heap. The reader is supposed to be the etymology of the narrator himself, a single story retold nine times or so over a period of thousands of years, his various reincarnations include Stone Age love-slave, Iron Age fisherman, medieval monk, Napoleonic governor, as well as some other ciphers. The tale can't hold the book together simply because Grass can't interweave it, any more than he's interested in the weighty historical chunks. Now-let's-a-man-with-a-message. Which is how sure it would have been had men just stayed back in the Stone Age, sucking their mates' breasts "until they"—the men, that is—"evacuated out their obsessions, stopped

edgiting, and became sleepily still, available for just about anything."

In the narrator's mythology, the Fall of Man was caused by a penis-talking Flounder who taught men to devote themselves "with manlike high pressure to men's business," and thereby get themselves banished from that Paradise of "histrionic, matriarchal ever-loving care." And, as if men present state weren't scary enough, the Flounder continues to surface throughout history, reminding men to stay on top of women—in every way.

For the narrator, however, the second best thing to being in Paradise is having a nice cook to take care of him, and he manages to find one in most ages. But not all sometimes women forget to be plump and docile, and turn themselves into punk-busted, bitch foulants—the real villains of Grass's book. They and the Flounder deserve one another.

Despite some nice recipes for cooking ribs and herrings, and some funny pages on the subject of feces, this is a very silly book. Few readers will be able to get through its 547 pages of inept nostalgia and cutesy-talking breast fixation without several sips of Psycho Binoid. Some birthday present: a \$15.00 hourglass.

John Bentley May



Grass: it would be the fish story or fish story?

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The father, the son, the holy subsidy

THE CULTURAL CONNECTION
By Bernard Ostry
(Maclean's & Stewart, \$12.95)

The religion is Canadian culture, but this may high priest, Bernard Ostry is more involved in theology than controversy. Now deputy minister of multiculturalism, Ostry's prime concern is to systematize the relationship between government and culture, not to trans-

form it. Still, as is the case of Canadian content, as artists take to the streets protesting cutbacks in grants, Ostry's subtle voice account of the mechanism of the cultural curia becomes indispensable reading for those concerned in the survival of our neo-commercial art forms. (On the editorial list this month the 56-year-old magazine, *The Canadian Person*, suffering from suspended publication after a \$25,000 reduction in the 1977 \$44,500 Canada Council grant.) Ostry's lengthy civil service career (National Museum, assistant under-secretary of state, CBC management)

makes him an easy target for accusations of paper-chasing snailism. But in fact, Ostry sees clearly the most important problem in the relationship between government and culture—again of readers here to look and weave between the *fluffy* powers of the cultural mandarins and the equally pulled punches. Having traced the origins of cultural subsidy in Canada and placed them in the necessary historical context, Ostry concentrates on the most important question of all: How can freedom and independence be reconciled with government subsidy? He understands that, somewhat in the manner of feeding wild beasts, grants organizations should not disturb the hungry recipients or alter their natural habits. He also understands that the money spent on the arts will always be out of proportion to the direct benefit to the arts and artists themselves, that an immense number of dollars will be spent on the machinery of administration as well as cultural projects of a "political" nature (the feeding of multinational got-togethers and a whole array of semi-annual regional institutions).

If, as Ostry believes, cultural policy should now be decided by public debate rather than ministerial fiat, his book is basic reading for anyone taking part in that debate. Still, the relationship between arts bureaucracy and art is complex but like the relationship between the church hierarchy and God. At times they seem to work at cross purposes but in the end one probably cannot do without the other. Ostry's acuity is sorely needed, but his economical tone obscures at times the vision of his faith. Barbara Aslett

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. *Chesapeake*, Michener (15)
2. *War and Remembrance*, Hilary (2)
3. *Parade Six*, Paine (2)
4. *SS-60*, Delington (4)
5. *The Far Pavlova*, Grey (3)
6. *Sally Christie Paragon*, Christie's Thriller, Myers (7)
7. *Judith*, de la Motte (7)
8. *Products to Terror*, Michener (4)
9. *Gremlin*, Morgan (15)
10. *The Silencers*, Tolson (3)

NONFICTION

1. *Brooklyn Society*, Newman (4)
2. *When Ladies Are Friends*, Stein (3)
3. *The Complete Book of Reading*, Pica (3)
4. *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What are You Going to Do About It?*, Robinson (4)
5. *The Wild Prey*, de la Motte (2)
6. *Moments of Grace*, Crawford
7. *The Grizzly Diary of an Edenian*, Lady, Michener (4)
8. *The Brontë Village*, Severin (7)
9. *Robert MacCann*, and *His Times*, Schindler (1)
10. *Death of a Lady's Man*, Cohen (3)

1. *Chesapeake* is published with the aid of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

FILMS

Mythful thinking

THE LORD OF THE RINGS
Directed by Ralph Bakshi

For those whose love of J.R.R. Tolkien and his furry-footed little Hobbits is suspended only by the memory of their authors' beards, *The Lord of the Rings* will be the best of all (Well, half of it. Part II arrives in 1980.) For those who haven't read *The Rings*, perhaps having mistaken it for *Star Wars* for the last 15 years, this expensive and valiant animated fantasy will cause confusion. (The likelihood of understanding the dense plotting is as great as a salt thought escaping Merle Shyne.) Bakshi (*Private the Cat*, *Heavy Traffic*) and an army of animators went at it for three years; the result is a technical tour de force—monts, overloads, trickshots, slow motion, superposition, and overexposed live action. And thank God it isn't cute.

The exploits of giants, gods, monsters and latter-day Muschkin resolve



The Black Riders race: Muffling-earth

around the forging of a ring that surpasses a last far power in all who succumb to its evil sorceries. Only Frodo Baggins, a good-hearted Hobbit, is up to it with that innate good enabling him to transport the ring to the top of Mount Doom. With the aid of three staunch followers, an elf, a dwarf, a stout-hearted horse named Aragorn and Gandalf the Wizard, he sets out on an alpine adventure fraught with

fiery-tale peril. Good battles bud. Middle-earth has a match with Mordor. Everyone agrees: power. For some reason, the children of the '60s and '70s have looked upon all this as the best of times in Hollywood. If you roll it off the tongue quickly enough, this means business.

Part of the problem Bakshi encoun-

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Dec. 2 <i>The Sorcerer</i> by Peter Swenson	Feb. 12 <i>Melanie</i> by Peter Swenson
Dec. 9 <i>Cherish</i> by Peter Swenson	Feb. 17 <i>The Magic Voice</i> by Peter Swenson
NOTE: 1:30 local/2:00 Mar. 16/17/18/19/20 Newfoundland	Feb. 24 <i>Don Carlo</i> by Peter Swenson
Dec. 16 <i>Aida</i> by Peter Swenson	Mar. 3 <i>Rigoletto</i> by Peter Swenson
Dec. 23 <i>Renard and the Great Hymnbook</i>	Mar. 10 <i>Archie and the Great Hymnbook</i>
Dec. 30 <i>Don Carlo</i> by Peter Swenson	Mar. 17 <i>Archie and the Great Hymnbook</i>
Jan. 6 <i>Don Carlo</i> by Peter Swenson	Mar. 24 <i>Archie and the Great Hymnbook</i>
Jan. 13 <i>Don Carlo</i> by Peter Swenson	Mar. 31 <i>Archie and the Great Hymnbook</i>
Jan. 20 <i>Don Carlo</i> by Peter Swenson	Apr. 7 <i>Archie and the Great Hymnbook</i>
Jan. 27 <i>Don Carlo</i> by Peter Swenson	Apr. 14 <i>Archie and the Great Hymnbook</i>
Feb. 3 <i>Don Carlo</i> by Peter Swenson	Apr. 21 <i>Archie and the Great Hymnbook</i>

*NOTE: 1:30 local/2:00 Mar. 16/17/18/19/20 Newfoundland

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At: Marshal Bishop (left) after the war and Peterson (right) after the war. Bishop is flying the young Billy; Peterson is flying the old Billy.

publish an autobiography, *Billy Bishop*, in which he listed his three major failings: "Impetuously, self-consciousness and a lack of interest in anything not immediately concerned with myself or the theatre."

"Down, down, down," he might mutter about his life—from the waist-up that it allows him to keep. Kevin Byrnes

Can you bake a cherry bomb, Billy boy, Billy boy?

There is a wing of Canadian theatre—especially Canadian little theatre—that is hungry for heroes in the same tradition as Pierre Berton's funny rehabilitation of surely Canadian rascals, it enhances fairly remembered characters, puts his life into them and sets them striding across the stage. At worst, these efforts have been dreary polemic, a waste of an evening and a disservice to their subjects. At best, in such productions as James Hanley's sprawling *Overseas Trilogy* or Rick Sanjalla's muscular *Les Canadiens*, they are splendid. The most recent entry in

the tradition of handsome myth-making is the Vancouver East Cultural Centre's production of *Billy Bishop Goes to War*, a musical two-hander written, scored and directed by John Gray and starring Eric Peterson as the Canadian World War I flying ace who became a colonial goldmine and a heady toward accidents to shoot down 22 German planes, gain the Victoria Cross and stay alive.

Peterson, a small, bony Saskatchewan native with a bona fide and grown-out hair cut, brings a senseless blend of innocence and street smarts to the character of Bishop. A judge's son from Owen Sound, Ontario, Bishop flunked out of Royal Military College and ended up in the country at the beginning of the war. He spent months in French real before seeing a biologist and his dry, spotless gold land on the battlefield "like a dragonfly on a rock" and deciding the Royal Flying Corps was for him. Peterson's deft and lively portrayal has the colonial museum named after in the cheerful Colonel Bishop's story of a smouldering Bishop. Bishop tells of his meeting with the doomed half-mad British ace Albert Ball (Peterson plays Bishop, Ball and 15 other characters, wearing a British accent like a tuckertank), of travelling the rough North Atlantic on "the good ship *Calcutta*, soon called the good

ship *Vossit*." He tells of building his kill total with violence inevitability, clearly, surely, coming to enjoy it. In a climactic scene that could be called the *Blooded* of Billy Bishop, Peterson burns Gray's plane (virtually the only prop on stage) with a plywood biplane, receives a cathartic, clearly necessary solo attack on a German zeppelin. It is the high and the low point of his flying career.

Peterson's Bishop is a triumph—conflicting and reminiscent of a thousand early underachievers one has known. Why for him is not a moral question, it is a better fish that turns him until the winning makes him love it. *Billy Bishop* fails only in the last half, when Gray allows a malingerer anti-war message to creep in. He would have done better to leave Billy alone and blinking into the stage lights. We know about war; it's hell. Inexplicably, what we don't know about is war.

The idea for *Billy Bishop Goes to War* came after Gray and Peterson, both bored one week during the run of a play in Ottawa, read Bishop's autobiography, *Winged Warfare*, written at the tender age of 36. Using read cook from Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille, they travelled to the war archives where Gray's Furniture Store in Ottawa and roved through cabinets for Bishop's correspondence and papers. "Bishop was a hawk, a survivor, a hero and a

killer. He is a side of Canadian that doesn't get shown very often," says Gray, who has written only one other play, *At Wheel*, a trucking musical performed last year and which opened last week at the Toronto Theatre in Toronto. "I think people are getting tired of the old hero image." After several workshop run-throughs, Gray had three full hours of play ready last May, which Chris Wootton, the director of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, agreed to produce. Eight months later a scaled-down version.

Because of a Vancouver newspaper strike, initial audiences for *Billy Bishop* were alarmingly small. Then word of mouth, a CBC-Radio spot and a taped performance at an Armed Forces Remembrance Day service began to draw crowds that have packed the tiny theatre. After its run at VEC, the show will move on to Vancouver's Spanish Ark until Dec. 18, followed by a tour to Saskatchewan in January and rural Ontario and Toronto in February and March. In a statement to the play's success at capturing a sense of ordinary men as extraordinary types, the show recently attracted as audience unaccustomed to the profanity and punched seating of Canadian little theatre—the entire complement of Unit 276 of the Royal Canadian Legion, the Billy Bishop Branch. Thomas Hopkins

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Rugby Nail
The Scotch Whisky
For Drambuie
Pour over your glass
to see what happens
when the whisky
meets the honey.

The Cask
For Drambuie
For Cask
Several glasses of
one for each.

Traditional Drambuie
Fill an old-fashioned
glass with the
best with crushed
ice. Pour in
Drambuie and the
golden honey
will be there. Add a dash
of ice cubes.

The party's over in the West: spare a sign for the Liberals

By Allan Fotheringham

Up here are certain secrets hidden well away from public view. Such as the recipe for the ballot-proof jammer on Fred Dineen's face. The name of the construction firm that makes Dolly Parton's hair. And the design of the computer subliminal message to measure Michael Philbin's charisma. In the same area is the most closely held secret in Canadian political life: that the Liberals are finished as a national party and that the country is headed, now, toward a

two-party system as fated as that of Britain. Not the American model, where one party sometimes is the right of centre, struggles with one party slightly to the right of centre. What is happening in this bright-eyed realm (it has already happened in some one-third of it) is a definite split into the unsharpened spheres of Left and Right.

We did not need the by-elections of mid-October to reveal this awful fact to the political aristocracy and those shrinky-benders, the Rottens who make their living feeding the bumps on the foreheads of cabinet ministers. It has been apparent for some years to anyone who keeps his antennae grounded and his beliefs cleaned. If the truth was not revealed in the 1973 election—showing the Grift trailing the Tories in nine of the 33 provinces but surviving only through Quebec—it has been well documented since. The facts are there, naked and blinding, for all to see.

There is the problem of the West, the region growing fastest of all. In spots that are burgeoning, the Grifts are dying. The only places where they are not rising where they are already defiant. To illustrate the problem there is the cold truth that in 1963 the four Western provinces had 38 per cent of Canada's population, Quebec 20 per cent. The West had drawn even with Quebec—36.7 per cent—by 1976. But by 1983, Quebec will go to 23 and the West to 31 per cent. By that time, the West will have a population of nine million—48 per cent of Canada's growth.

To illustrate the reality, the Liberals

no longer exist as a provincial party in either Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta or British Columbia. The Alberta branch of course disappeared with the dinosaurs. The Saskatchewan ramp that has been dismantling ever since Ross Thatcher was wiped out, completely last month in Allan Blakeney's vice sweep. In Manitoba, there is only the lonely Liberal leader left, Lloyd Axworthy, who is attempting to make it back to the safety of Ottawa via Jimmy Stenson's Winnipeg South seat. In B.C. only the lonely leader Gordon (Dix)



son, former aide to Mr. Trudeau, anchors a federal unit—the last refuge for a Western Liberal.

Ex-B.C. leader Ray Perrault is already safe in the thumb-sucking mouth of the Senate. Gil Milgat, a leader of the Manitoba Liberals, has been taken into the name water-bomb. How long before Dave Stewart, assistant leader of the Saskatchewan branch, will be offered the same milk? Not long.

As to the federal fate, no party can exist as a national beast with its stampeding, door-knocking provincial stragglers removed from the Tories in Quebec, the NDP in the Maritimes. The Liberals are dead in the West federally precisely because they are defeated provincially.

They are, as we know, invisible in Alberta and will remain so despite the cynical buying of Jack Harner with a cabinet seat, a plot that has failed because Harner (a) has been a failure in his portfolio and (b) will not win his seat. Albertans admire success

and this was not a successful plot.

In the by-elections, they lost the last seat in Manitoba they owned, St. Boniface. In Saskatchewan they will remain a ramp, but in B.C. they will plummet from right seats to a rocky tree.

The Gallup confirms what the 1973 election told us—and the 1974 vote only forestalled the Tories' lead in nine of the 16 provinces. If you want to know what is going to happen in Canada in the next 30 to 40 years, look at what has

happened in the West. In Manitoba, there are now only two parties—the Tories and the NDP. The same in Saskatchewan. The same in B.C.—Social Credit (i.e. Tories) and NDP. What goes on in the West (the birthplace of the protest parties, the United Farmers Movement, the C.P., Social Credit) portends what goes on elsewhere. Quebec, in its own way, has only now a democratic socialist party, the Parti Québécois, and the Liberals, who assume the right-wing mantle with respect to the

nationalist support. What is happening is that this country is evolving into a left-right situation, as it should, as in Western Canada. The Liberals have expired, without a breath, in the West and are on the run in southern Ontario, barely holding their own in the Maritimes. With their pliable backbone (if necessary, the party of Mackenzie King would realize both Hare Krishna and Ron Lancaster) they may encompass the NDP. What remains certain is only that the Tories are sure of survival.

The one man who seems to realize this stood in an ornate ballroom in the Royal York one head-basher two years ago, and in a magnificent speech to Ontario Liberals confessed: "I think we are out of touch with large sections of the grassroots. West of the Ontario-Manitoba border we exist as a third party and not a strong one at that. I think we have to worry as Liberals about our future as a national party." The man was Pierre Trudeau.

He can see it, but he can't do anything. He's a professor, not a politician.

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